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Daily Mirror

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No. 339.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

COLONEL STOCKALL'S FRONT DOOR.



This is a photograph of the front entrance of Messrs. Stockall, the Clerkenwell jewellers, showing the door without the padlock, which was always in its place when the premises were shut.

WITH THE VICTORIOUS ARMY.



Japanese infantry marching into Liao-yang through a breach in the old city wall which was made by the Russians in order to facilitate their retreat.—(J. H. Hare, "Collier's Weekly.")



The dead of both sides in a Russian artillery trench, which was captured by the Japanese at Shu-san-hao.

MARQUIS, HEIR TO £27.



The little Marquis of Donegal is just over a year old and the sixth holder of the title. By the will of his father, which has just been proved, he only receives the sum of £27. See page 3.—(Johnstone and Hoffmann.)

INVENTOR'S LAST CRUISE.



The body of Carl Nissen, who successfully shot Niagara Falls in a barrel, has just been discovered in a craft of his own invention, the Foolkiller No. 3, on the shore of Lake Michigan. Our picture shows Nissen hauling his boat out of the water after a narrow escape, when he navigated the Rapids of Niagara in his frail craft.

BIRTHS.

CORHAM—On November 30, at Millbrook House, Barnes, the wife of Captain H. W. Cobham, 32nd Lancers (Indian Army), of a son.
DE WILDE—On November 26, at the wife of E. De Wilde, of a son.
HOLLAND—On December 1, at Buenos Ayres, the wife of Arthur Henry Holland, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CHATTERTON-MARSHALL—On November 30, at St. John's Church, Upper Norwood, by the Rev. A. W. Bedford, vicar, Captain Frank B. M. Chatterton, Army Service Corps, youngest son of Colonel W. Chatterton, C.I.E., of Central Lodge, Norwood, and Annie, youngest daughter of William Marshall, F.R.S., F.R.C.S. (late Indian Navy), of Mohamrah, Upper Norwood.
GILLICH-HUNTING—On December 1, at Holy Trinity, Clapham-common, by the Rev. P. V. Metcalfe, M.A., vicar of Saint Barnabas, Clapham, assisted by the Rev. William Boyd, M.A., vicar of All Saints, North-Kensington, W. Forbes, Manson Grant, R.A.M.C., youngest son of Surgeon-General Talloch, formerly of 1st Batt. North Devon, and Winifred Elizabeth Louise, eldest daughter of Charles S. Hunting, of Evesham, Northamptonshire, and granddaughter of Colonel A. M. Arbuthnot, of Glenariff, Clapham-common, formerly of 1st Batt. North Devon.

DEATHS.

BUSH—On December 1, at Dulce Rectory, Cornwall, Paul Bush, M.A., Hon. Canon of Truro, and for nearly fifty-four years rector of Dulce, aged eighty-two.
DEVAS—On November 30, Edward Devas, son of the late Thomas Devas, of Spendon Hall, Darby, in his forty-sixth year.

PERSONAL.

BRIGHTON—Hope to see Ida to-day. I could not spare her, and I am glad of it, though sorry it upsets your plans. Hope that continues well.
ALAN—I cannot advise. It may be true that "men shall rise on their dead self-respect to higher things," and I should be sorry to see any friend of mine doing so.—E. A. R.
TRAVELLERS, persons who visit country towns and villages, agents and others, who wish to add to their income without in any way interfering with their ordinary work should write to advertiser. Splendid terms. Competent men. Only limited number of openings, so write at once to 1670, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

* The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 6d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office with post with order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play entitled **"THE GINGALES MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.**
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and TO-NIGHT, at 8.20. Shakespeare's Comedy, **"THE TEMPEST."**
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.
LYRIC THEATRE. Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. TUESDAY NEXT Dec. 6, at 2 p.m., Mr. NORMAN FORBES will give one SPECIAL MATINEE OF **"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."**
 Miss ELLEN TERRY has kindly consented to play **PONTIA**. Mr. NORMAN FORBES will play **SULLIVAN**.
 Seats can now be looked at theatre and libraries.
ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-DAY, at 3, and EVERY EVENING, at 8. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.
 2.15 and 8.15, the DECEASED NISI, by Joshua Bates. MATINEE both 2.15 and 8.15, at 2.15.
MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.
KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, Mr. H. B. IRVING and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH in **LETITIA**. Next week, the original FUGLESS OF DANZIG company, including Miss Lillie Green, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, and Mr. Courtice Pounds.
CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—TO-NIGHT, at 8, MAT. TO-DAY, 2.30, Mrs. LANCY, supported by Mr. PAUL ARTHUR, in **MRS. DANCY'S DIVORCE**. Next week, Mr. H. B. IRVING and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH in **LETITIA**.
CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 323 K.C.—TO-NIGHT, at 8, MAT. TO-DAY, 2.30, Miss ELLEN TERRY in **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. RUCHE AND ABOUT NOTHING, and THE GOOD HOPE. Next week, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in **Reperitoire**.
CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—TO-NIGHT, at 8, MAT. TO-DAY, 2.30, Mr. J. P. Preston's Company in **ROGUES OF THE TURK**. Next week, JULIE NELSON and FRED TERRY in their latest success, **SUNDAY**.
THE OXFORD.—GEORGE ROBEY, HARRY LAUDER, HARRY RATE, The M'Naghtens, Dutch Day, NELLIE LOOMIS and CO., Harvey Boys, "V.O." and Ernest Shand, Dan Crawley, Eugene Family, The Polaris, Star and Leslie, and hosts of other stars. Open 7.30. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. Lacrosse Match at 3.30.—Surrey v. Kent.
ORCHESTRAL CONCERT at 3.30. Numbered seats, 4s. and 2s.; unnumbered, 1s. and 6d. In the Theatre.
THE THROUBADOUR. Promenade Concert at 6.30.
 Roller Skating on Great Asphaltic Rink.
RINK POLO CHAMPIONSHIP at 8.0. Military Bands and numerous other attractions.
ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS.—"HENGELER'S."
 Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, 3s. and 2s. Prices, 1s. to 6s.; children half-price.
POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W.
OUR NAVY. DAILY, at 3. Weekly grand Naval and Military Antiquarian work and at play, etc.
 The most realistic representation of a Naval Battle. The North Sea and the Firth of Forth before the eyes. The Tragical. Prices 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s. Children half-price.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS.

HOTELS—SPECIAL SEASIDE WINTER TERMS.
 From 20s. Wives' Board and Rooms. First-class English Food. All home comforts.
GRAND PIER HOTEL..... South-end-on-Sea.
GRAND HOTEL..... Westcliff, Hesse Bay.
GRAND HOTEL..... Westcliff, Hesse Bay.
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GRAND HOTEL..... Westcliff, Hesse Bay.
 London Agents, THE LAND COMPANY, 68, Oldspire.



A MOST DELIGHTFUL
PRESENT!!
JUST WHAT
I WANTED.

USEFUL SUBSTANTIAL ARTISTIC
 For Lady or Gentleman.
Solid Fumed Oak
BOOKCASE and WRITING TABLE
 COMBINED.
 (4ft. high, 2ft. 4in. wide.)
Only 25/-

Sent on receipt of remittance, or can be seen at

VESPER'S
 CABINET WORKS,
 419 to 425, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.
 Packed for Country Free.
 Catalogue Free.

THE NEW EDISON BELL PHONOGRAPHS AND GOLD-MOULDED 1/- RECORDS
BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT THERE ARE NONE BETTER.
ASK TO HEAR THEM—FREE—WE HAVE AGENTS IN ALL TOWNS

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW THESE RECORDS
We Make You This Special Offer

WE WILL SEND TO YOUR ADDRESS (CARRIAGE PAID)

ONE—ONLY ONE—FOR PENNY

NAME.....
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 Kind of Phonograph you have.....

8 WITH THIS COUPON. STAMPS

If you want more the Price is ONE SHILLING Each.

THEY FIT ANY PHONOGRAPH, AND YOU MAY SELECT

"SONG" or "BAND"—IF YOU ASK FOR ANY SPECIAL RECORD WE SHALL KNOW THAT YOU KNOW THEM

And Your Stamps will be Returned, Less Postage. Not More than One will be Sent to the Same Name or Address. This Offer is Only to Those Who Do Not Know the

NEW EDISON BELL GOLD MOULDED RECORDS.

Address (Head Office only)—EDISON BELL, 39, Charing Cross Road, London.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (11d. each word afterwards), except for situations vacant, and wanted, for which the rate is 1/- for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed Courts and Co. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" offices, a box department having been opened for the purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

COMPANION; Lady, age 25; disengaged; musical; good reader; cheerful, refined, domesticated; needlework; nursing; £20-£25.—Miss J. S. St. John, Bedford.
GENERAL disengaged (16); 2 years' exp.; £11-8, Esher, New Ferry, Cheshire.
RESPECTABLE Irish Girl wants situation as House or Parlor-maid, Liverpool preferred; highly recommended.—Box 1677, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

NURSERY Governess wanted; nurse and 4 maids kept.—48, High-street, Doncaster.
USEFUL Help; another kept; live family; salary, £10-25, Atheniay-road, Nunhead, S.E.
WANTED, for the Riviera (South of France), for a new first-class hotel, specially intended for the British public, as soon as possible: Manager, chief-cook, secretary, book-keeper, post-office, head-waiter, porter; journey paid; good salaries.—Apply at once by letter (foreign postage) to Dr. Marcel Fauron (interpreter), Buckingham Palace, Monte Carlo, Monaco.
WANTED, for the Riviera (South of France), into a new first-class hotel, specially intended for the British public, as soon as possible: Housekeeper, linen-ward, and several chamber-maids; journey paid; good wages.—Apply at once by letter (foreign postage) to Dr. Marcel Fauron (interpreter), Buckingham Palace, Monte Carlo, Monaco.

Miscellaneous.

A FEW Persons wanted to visit a small number of Christmas and postcards weekly; town or country; good prices.—Address envelope A, 6, Great James-st., London, W.C.
A GENUINE HOME EMPLOYMENT.—Tinting small articles; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20) 17, Kensington, Fulham.
AGENTS wanted; Kyi-Kol; 6d. packet saves 1 ton of coal; one agent's profit, one week, £10 10s.; you can do this.—C. A. Houli, Manchester.
LADY required as pupil to Hygienic Skin Specialist; small premium; permanency.—Madame, 87, Sandgate-road, Folkestone.
MAN (intelligent), of good appearance, wanted to solicit business for well-established firm; special terms: rapidly made.—Address M, Box 1672, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

A PLEASANT—Selected cooking, dessert, 42lb., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Potatoes, sound, white, floury, 11lb., 5s.; Carrots, Turnips, 14lb., 1s.; all free receipt. P.O.—Charles Curtis, Clatteris, Cambridgeshire.
A SALAD Toss, rich, delicious flavor, 6lb., post free, to your door for 10s. (cash with order); 1lb. sample, 1s. 1d.—Mixer and Co., 2, London House Yard, E.C. Est. 1854.
A SKEWA CURED by Zematoos.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.
CHOICE Table Poultry and Genuine Fresh Butter.—Send P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, containing pair young Fowls, ready trussed, and 1lb. Pure Fresh Butter, or 1lb. Cambridge Sausages.—J. Ringier-Reveret, Otwell, Wilsch, London Depot, 401, Central Market.
CORNISH Clotted Cream, 1lb. 1s. 2d., 1lb. 2s.; Cornish Macarons, "Speciality," 1lb. 2s. 6d.; Rusks (twined), 10d. 1b.; post free on receipt of remittance.—C. Trengrove, Prince's Restaurant, Truro.
FISH, FISH.—Perfect quality, finest value; order direct: 6lb., 2s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 1lb., 1s. 4d., 1lb., 1s. 6d.; Carriage paid; cleaned for cooking; prompt delivery; particular post free; selected cured fish all kinds; principals of schools and institutions should order direct from Star Fish Co., Grimsby. (Quote paper).
FISH SPENDID QUALITY LIVE FISH. Direct from the Fishing Boats to the Consumer. Small quantities at wholesale prices. Quality and complete satisfaction guaranteed. All orders specially done day or night.
FISH (including postage and cost of postal order). The only firm in fish that gives the consumer the middle profit. All orders specially done day or night.
FISH 14lb., 3s. 6d., 21lb., 5s. 6d., 42lb., 10s. 6d. Large quantities same price.—North Sea Fish Supply, Fish Market.
LARGE Roasting Fowls, 3s. 6d.; fattest Geese, 4s. 6d. each; double-breasted Turkeys, 5s. 6d.; large cock Turkeys, 8s. 6d.; trussed free—Miss Dirlin, Rossborough, Cork.
PRIME Chestnuts, 7lb. 1s.; walnuts, 1s. 9d.; mixed nuts, 2s. 6d.; carriage paid.—Weiss, 25, Russell-st., Covent Garden.
3 NICE Chickens 5s.; 2 Pheasants 4s. 9d.; Turkeys from 5s.—Jones, 421, Central Market.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTHMA CURED by Zematoos.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.
COMFORT in the cold weather: the whole body kept warm by wearing a Spina Protection; 3 shillings for ladies or gentlemen; post free 1s. 9d.—Almora, 275, Regent-st., W.
CONJUGER Secrets: List penny.—N. Olio, 2, Barons-court, East Finchley, London.
COUGHING cut short by our Linseed Balm; 9d. and 1s. 3d.—Needham, 297, Edgeware-road, London.
DOCTOR MARKLEWYN'S COMPLEXION SOAPS.—Ellaime Morris, Edna May, Mabel Love recommend; three shilling tablets 2s. 6d.; "Bloom of Health" Pillets, 1s. packages.—Russell Company, Tottenham.
FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address, with particulars of spare time agency.—Dept. 2, 88, Aldgate-st., London.
OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post: full value per return or offer made.—Messrs. M. Brown, Manufacturing Dentists, 153, Oxford-st., London (establish 100 years).
PHRENOLOGY.—Prof. Smees delineates character correctly from photographs; 2s. 6d.—Oxford-st., London.
RUPTURE.—Gentleman cured himself; will send Free R. Particulars of inexpensive self-cure treatment; lesions, electricity, and all "old-time" under-ship arrangements superseded.—Box 96, 3, Earl-st., Chelsea.
SIX TIMES TOO MUCH CIAL GUINNESS.—Write to Home Mills Company, 10, Tottenham-road, London.
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Free to all afflicted; to remove root and stem, send for the treatise compiled from MSS. of the warlikeholder, 10, Tottenham-road, W. IV., and Queen Adelaide—Robt. Low, 5s, Great Queen-st., London.

Other Small Advertisements on page 16.

LAST STAND.

Port Arthur Prepares for the Final Struggle.

KUROPATKIN'S MOVE.

Russia Assumes the Aggressive in Manchuria.

The capture of 203 Metre Hill was not achieved without very heavy losses on the part of the Japanese.

Seventeen officers were killed and sixty-four wounded, among the latter being Lieutenant-General Thuchiya and Major-General Nakamura.

The importance of the success, however, has not been long in manifesting itself, if a dispatch received by the Japanese Legation at Rome may be relied upon. According to the Exchange, this message asserts that the town and docks of Port Arthur are already abandoned by the Russians, as they are at the mercy of the Japanese cannonade.

It is further expected that from the captured position it will be possible to destroy the Russian mines at the harbour entrance, thus permitting the co-operation of the Japanese warships with their land forces.

A disposition is evident on the part of the Russians to take advantage of the weakening of Japan's Manchurian army, due to the concentration of forces before Port Arthur.

It is stated that Kuropatkin has held a council of war, at which it was decided that a general advance should be made forthwith.

The Russian cavalry under General Rennenkampf is now doing something to justify the reputation it commanded at the beginning of the war. Probably the winter favours this arm of the Russian forces.

RUSSIAN REPULSE.

Failure of an Attempt to Recapture 203 Metre Hill.

TOKIO, Friday.—It is reported that the Russians have made an attempt to recapture 203 Metre Hill. Assembling a strong force, they assaulted the hill, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

The Japanese are finding soldiers among the Russian dead, and it is thought, if the Russian squadron makes another sortie, its complements will be short.

Russians are fortifying between Liao-ti-shan and Nantaushan, increasing the belief that the last stand will be made there.—Reuter.

SHA-HO SKIRMISH.

Cossacks Inflict Heavy Loss on Japanese.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—A telegram from Mukden states that General Rennenkampf, on the morning of November 30, attacked the new Japanese position. Part of the Russian force effected a turning movement round the pass, while General Rennenkampf himself, covered by artillery, attacked from the front.

The fighting was short and sharp. The Japanese retired south of the pass, after burning their stores. Detachments of Chasseurs and Cossacks pursued.

The Japanese lost about 50 killed and 100 wounded. The Russians found 23 bodies of Japanese soldiers and made seven prisoners.—Reuter.

RUSSIA AND THE DARDANELLES.

Discussing the question of the passage of the Black Sea Fleet through the Dardanelles, the "Novoe Vremya" points out that Japan is not bound by the Treaty of Paris, and that any Japanese warship may therefore pass through the Straits without violating any treaty. "Serious doubt arises as to whether Russia can continue to be tied by a treaty which is not obligatory on a Power with which she is at war." The "Novoe Vremya" maintains that the consent of the Porte alone is required for the passage of the Black Sea Fleet.—Reuter.

"WEE KIRK" A "STAGE ARMY."

During a discussion in the Edinburgh Court of Session yesterday upon the Free Kirk dispute, Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., compared the "wee kirkers" to a stage army.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw," said the opposing counsel, "how could you bring your opinion to perpetrate such a dishonourable imputation?"

A Royal Commission will, it is stated, be appointed to inquire into the dispute.

According to the Paris "Journal," the best qualified candidate for the Nobel prize this year in the physico-chemical section is Sir William Ramsey.

Strong southerly winds; very variable; (very variable; rain at times; becoming colder.) To-day's Weather (Lighting up time, 4.51 p.m. Sea passages (moderate to rather rough generally.)

CHRISTENING A PRINCE.

Great Preparations for Baptism of Italy's Heir.

THE POPE'S BLESSING.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Friday.—The little Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, will be christened here on Sunday, and the whole of the city is eagerly looking forward to that interesting event.

Both King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena are determined that the christening of their infant heir shall be carried out in a way which will impress the nation, and add its little quota to the stability of the throne.

To compensate for the absence of ecclesiastical pomp which results from the quarrel with the Vatican, the christening will be surrounded with unusual secular pomp.

Extravagant stories are being told as to the value of the lace on little Umberto's robes, and on the pillow on which he will recline while the religious service is being held.

KING AND QUEEN DISAGREE.

I am told that the negotiations with the Vatican, which preceded the final arrangements for the Prince's baptism, largely centred around the problem whether a cardinal should or should not be present. In the end Pius the Tenth sent his blessing to the child, but refused to allow any high dignitary of the Church to officiate.

The Queen, who is indifferent to the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, treated the matter with indifference, but King Victor was strongly in favour of making the Prince's baptism the occasion of a reconciliation with the Vatican.

Queen Elena continues to plot and plan for the future welfare of her last-born and dearest. She declares determinedly, and in opposition to the King, that his education shall not begin at an early age.

The Queen is much impressed by the indications of bad health in the last two generations of Hohenzollerns, and she is convinced that the Prussian system of educating future Sovereigns is disastrous to their physical welfare. Her ideas lean more towards England, where games and play-fellows take up more time than books and military martinet.

COALING THE BELLIGERENTS.

Arrest of a German Steamer Expected at Cardiff.

Cardiff was greatly excited yesterday by an apparently well-founded report that the German steamer Captain W. Menzell, which is preparing to carry another cargo of coal to the Russian Baltic Fleet, would be arrested by the English Government.

Telegraphing last night the *Daily Mirror* Cardiff correspondent says:—

"The authorities refuse to confirm or deny the report, and say that no action has yet been taken."

"Great surprise was caused by the report, as it was believed that the British Government would refuse to recognise coal as contraband, holding that the Foreign Enlistment Act does not apply, because the coal is sold to a German company and carried in German steamers."

"There is good reason for believing that the English Government is negotiating with the German Government as to what action, if any, shall be taken in the matter."

The Captain W. Menzell is repairing damage caused by a collision with a Russian ironclad, and is not due to leave for some days."

During the past few days Japan has placed further orders for Welsh steam smokeless coal, and it is estimated that within the past fortnight she has bought about 100,000 tons. The greatest secrecy is being observed as to the identity of the British vessels chartered, but two are known to be now loading for Japan at Barry.

"TIMES" CORRESPONDENT RAIDED

Determined Attempt to Capture Mr. Harris in Morocco.

TANGIER, Friday.—Mr. Walter Harris, the "Times" correspondent here, was attacked in his house last night by Benimawer tribesmen, who made a most determined attempt to capture him. The mountaineers surrounded the house without making a sound and then rushed the guards without firing a shot.

One of the guards was stabbed for attempting to raise the alarm.

The guards having told the Benimawers that Mr. Harris was in the town, several of them waited about for some time, but eventually, after having robbed the guard of their rides and clothes, they left.—Reuter.

Traffic on the District Railway was temporarily suspended yesterday owing to a cable obstruction at Charing Cross Station.

GLASGOW'S OCTROI.

Proposal to Tax Produce Entering the City.

REMARKABLE PRECEDENT.

The city of Glasgow comes once again into the van of municipal enterprise—this time with a drastic civic protection scheme.

It is proposed by the pushful successors of Bailie Nicol Jarvie to impose a town-due upon rural and urban centres, like the "octroi," which operates in French cities.

Compared with the municipalisation of gas, water, and tramways—all of which schemes have been in force for many years—the corporation on the Clyde, apparently spoiling for new fields to conquer, has now fairly surpassed itself.

Their tariff reform proposal provides for the taxation of fruit, vegetables, clothes, cheese, flowers, etc., coming into the city from the outside.

Not unnaturally, local traders are aghast at the bold suggestion, which, if ratified by Parliament will create a precedent for other municipalities.

In some quarters the opinion is held that only goods coming into corporation markets will be taxed, to enable the corporation to defray the debt incurred by its big building-improvement scheme.

But this is an erroneous reading of the provisional order, which explicitly states that the entire city will become a market.

In accounting for this plan of protection, the most probable theory is that the corporation, having somewhat handicapped itself, has devised this means of replenishing its coffers.

If the scheme becomes operative, fruit merchants will have to pay from a half-penny to fourpence on every package entering the town; and upon old clothes twopenny per dozen garments will be charged. At this rate substantial revenue will be created.

KING AND HIS GUESTS.

Handsome Royal Gifts for the New Windsor Hospital.

In yesterday's fine weather several of the King's guests at Sandringham enjoyed excellent shooting.

Of those present for the Queen's birthday celebrations some left yesterday, whose places will be taken by others over the week-end.

His Majesty has arranged to pay a flying visit to town on Monday, but returns to Norfolk on Tuesday to visit Lord Farquhar at Castle Rising.

Many substantial royal donations have been made to the fund for the purchase of a site for the proposed new Windsor hospital.

The King heads the list by giving £105, and from the Windsor state apartments fund comes £120.

Other subscriptions include:—Queen Alexandra, £105; the Prince of Wales, £50; Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, £25; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, £25.

Upwards of £2,200 has already been received.

QUEEN'S SHOPPING DAY.

Her Majesty of Portugal Escapes Recognition in Bond-street.

Queen Amelia enjoyed a quiet afternoon shopping in Bond-street yesterday.

Between four and five o'clock she walked quietly out of the Palace, without lady-in-waiting or any single attendant. The police at the gate recognised her, and saluted respectfully.

A minute later she had become a unit of the Bond-street crowd. Her first visit was paid to a jeweller's shop.

None recognised Queen Amelia. She made her purchase, quietly paid, took up the little package, and walked out of the shop.

In another establishment devoted to toys the manager spoke of a tall, elegantly-dressed lady who had made some inquiries as to the newest mechanical toys.

"It couldn't have been the Queen of Portugal," he said in amazement. "This lady was quite alone, and was walking."

Other establishments were also visited by her Majesty, who completed her purchases without arousing any suspicion as to her degree.

FISH RUSH BETWEEN HORSES' LEGS.

Owing to the long autumn drought the salmon have been unable to get up the River Tay, but yesterday the dams on the Almond, a tributary of the Tay, overflowed, and an extraordinary rush of fish was seen.

Two horses yoked to carts happened to be fording the river. The rush was so great that the carter had to pull up, and the fish passed through the spokes of the wheels and between the horses' legs.

POOR BABY PEER.

Marquis Whose Income is 18s. 10d. a Year.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

Baron Chichester, Viscount Chichester, Earl of Donegall, Baron Fishervick, Earl of Belfast, and Marquis of Donegall is a noble peer who is entitled to sit in the House of Lords as Baron Fishervick.

But it has just become known that, in spite of his many high-sounding titles and hereditary offices he has an income of only 18s. 10d. a year.

It seems strange that this does not trouble the Marquis very much, but then the fact must be taken into consideration that he is at present barely fourteen months old, and has few ideas beyond getting as much to eat and as much sleep as possible.

His noble father, the fifth Marquis of Donegall, died in May last, aged eighty-two, and his estate has just been sworn at £27.

Invested at three and a-half per cent, this would produce the munificent income of eighteen shillings and twopenny a year.

WITHOUT ANY ESTATES.

Fortunately the Most Honourable the Marquis of Donegall has no extensive estates to keep up, but there are other claims, which it behoves a Marquis to remember.

First and foremost comes the question of armorial bearings, which cost three guineas a year, and as some difficulty will be experienced in paying for these out of his income it is regarded as certain in well-informed circles that the Marquis will do without them.

There are many romances connected with various holders of these titles.

The Chichester family once owned vast tracts of valuable country in Co. Donegal, and nearly the whole of the city of Belfast belonged to them. But gambling with acres of land as stakes, and too great a devotion to the Turf, brought the fortunes of the family to their present low ebb, and confers on the Marquis of Donegall the title of the "Pauper peer."

MARCHIONESS IN A WORKHOUSE.

The late holder of the peerage, who died at the age of eighty-two, within two years of his third, and last, marriage, was born without there being any idea of his succeeding to the marquise. He was a handsome, impetuous, young soldier when a succession of deaths made him a peer.

There is a touch of tragedy about the following occurrence, which took place in December, 1898. The Marquis's first marriage, in 1859, to Miss Lucy Oliver was annulled, but during that cold December, a few days before Christmas, 1898, a feeble old woman, miserably clad, and possessing only a Bible and a shabby dressing-gown, presented herself for admission to the Highgate Workhouse.

Incredulity and astonishment prevailed when this old woman declared herself, and substantiated her claim to be Marchioness of Donegall. She spent Christmas in the workhouse, and soon afterwards left, and, since believed to have died, though this has never been absolutely proved.

MARRIED AT EIGHTY.

The third wife of the late peer, and the mother of the present one, is a Canadian girl. She was not more than two-and-twenty when she married; but, nevertheless, the few people who assisted at the ceremony declare that the aged Marquis (he was just eighty then) presented a brave appearance at the side of his youthful and charming bride.

The marriage was a very happy one, and the birth of his son and heir brightened the last six months of the late Lord Donegall's life. This very impetuous young nobleman is a sad-looking, though sweet-faced, baby, who is said to have cried unduly long and loudly during his infancy. His family motto is, "Honour follows, though unsought for."

LADY'S LONG TRAMP AMONG SAVAGES.

Mrs. French Sheldon, the celebrated African traveller, who was sent out by Sir Alfred Jones to inquire into the state of affairs in the Congo Free State has performed a most extraordinary feat—travelling alone on foot through the swampy and difficult regions in Africa.

She is now returning to England after fourteen months' travel.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

MAGPIE HOARD.

Treasure for Which a Lonely Woman Was Murdered.

MISS FARMER'S JEWELLERY.

Will It Make a New Trial Necessary?

In the room at 458, Commercial-road, E., in which Miss Farmer was murdered, a workman yesterday discovered a hoard of silver and gold.

Without a doubt this is the missing hoard which is believed to have inspired the men who are now under sentence of death for the murder of Miss Farmer.

The discovery may have its own significance from a legal point of view. At the trial of Wade and Donovan counsel made a point of the fact that none of the missing property had been traced to their possession.

It now becomes a question whether the jury would have convicted had the full circumstances been in their possession.

Probably the finding of the jewellery will give an impetus to the movement now on foot in favour of a reprieve for the condemned men, who it will be remembered, were convicted on purely circumstantial evidence.

Miss Farmer was known to be very fond of jewellery and trinkets. When she went out she was always richly dressed and wearing watches, chains, rings, and brooches.

Police Search Failed.

But after her death no trace of the treasure was found by the police, and it was assumed that her murderers had either disposed of it or that the treasure did not exist.

It has now been found. At ten o'clock yesterday morning a workman, named Brett, in the employment of Messrs. Cartmull, builders and decorators, who are renovating and cleaning the house, lighted on the hoard.

He was painting the room in which Miss Farmer's body was found, when he trod on a loose board.

The room is in the front of the house, just over the shop. There are two windows, and the loose board was close to one of these.

"We had all been keeping an eye open for the treasure," said Mr. Brett, when interviewed, "and when I found the hoard was loose throughout its length I pulled it up."

"I saw something bright, and pulled out a common small tin box and a black handbag. There was no lock on the box. In it, and in the bag, were watches, earrings, brooches, and other articles."

The following is a list of the contents:—
In the box: Four gold brooches; one gold watch and chain; one gold ring; 4 gold seals set with brilliant, sapphires, and rubies; 2 gold keys; four pairs of earrings; one silver watch; one silver bracelet; two pearl necklaces; one silver pin-holder; one pair of scissors; a silver pin; a pair of pincers; a toothpick; and a silver thimble.

Contents of the Bag.

In the bag: Five pairs of earrings set with precious stones; three gold brooches; four gold rings; one gold locket; one gold chain; three silver trinkets; two silver bracelets; two jet bracelets; one jet chain; a silver buttonhook; eighteen silver spoons and ten forks.

Nearly all these articles are old.

It is an important fact that not one of them bears any name or mark by which their ownership can be proved.

Their total value depends on the quality of the precious stones, and it may transpire that the hoard is worth a considerable sum. At the least it can hardly fall short of £500 or £1000.

The curious thing is that unless proof is forthcoming that the articles belonged to the murdered woman they must be regarded as "treasure trove," and will revert to the Crown.

In this case Brett, the workman who found them, would receive a proportion of their value—probably 10 per cent.

TRANSPORTING BABIES TO CANADA.

Mrs. Close, of 101, Eaton-square, London, has returned from Canada with a carefully-organised scheme for placing English pauper children from the age of two or three upon farms in Canada rented or purchased by English boards of guardians.

The Government of New Brunswick has offered Mrs. Close a free grant of 200 acres for each group of four adults and twenty children, and meetings are to be held in London to consider the project.

LADY NOVELIST AND THE PRISONER.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) was present at Margate Police Court yesterday while a charge of drunkenness against a young married woman in whose case she was interested was being heard.

Mrs. Craigie entered into conversation with the magistrate prior to the case coming before the court, and in the result the accused was handed over to the care of her husband.

BUSINESS TO BE RESUMED.

Arrangement of the London and Paris Difficulty.

The tension in regard to the London and Paris Exchange is over.

The necessary money having been found to meet the concerns of the commitments, the doors will, it is confidently believed, be thrown open for business on Monday.

A meeting of Stock Exchange creditors was held in the Lincolnshire room of the Great Eastern Hotel yesterday afternoon.

About thirty City men attended. The report presented by the committee appointed on the previous day was unanimously adopted, and at the close of the meeting, which was of a singularly harmonious character, the following statement was issued to the Press:—

"The necessary financial assistance for the future conduct of the Exchange having been forthcoming, business will be resumed at the earliest possible moment."

"All the money has been found," said an official to the *Daily Mirror*, "and the securities have been deposited in absolute cash."

"Having once closed our doors it may, of course, take a day or two to re-open them, and that is what we say in the official statement: 'At the earliest possible moment.' But I see no reason to prevent the resumption of business on Monday."

HADES SOLD CHEAPLY.

Orank's Miniature Pit Knocked Down at Auction for 50s.

"Hell" was sold yesterday for fifty shillings.

Not the real place, unfortunately, but only the singular representation of hell that an eccentric Nottinghamshire gentleman, the late Mr. R. S. Wilson, had constructed in his grounds at Tinsford.

Mr. Ford, of Newark, was the bold man who purchased the singular lot, and fully 300 people attended the sale.

In spite of the spirited efforts of the auctioneer, who said, with tears in his eyes, that hell could surely be no furnace, for here was grass growing in it, the bidding was weak.

An offer of ten shillings nearly secured the lot, but by dint of great efforts the price was forced up to the fifty shillings at which Mr. Ford obtained it.

LADIES AND SAVAGE MOORS.

Kaid Maclean on His Daughters' Adventure with Tribesmen.

"If they had been anything of shots we must have been killed. As it was, neither my daughters nor anyone of my escort was hit."

This was the comment made by Sir Harry Maclean, chief military adviser to the Sultan of Morocco, upon the attack made upon him by the tribesmen while journeying from Fez to Tangier. Sir Harry, who accompanied by his daughters, is now on a visit to England, yesterday told the story of his unpleasant experience to the *Daily Mirror*.

"We were attacked through a mistake," he said. "The tribesmen who fired at us near Azila had rebelled and killed their own Kaid, and when they saw my guard of forty men coming over the hill, they thought we were friends of the murdered chief or members of a punitive expedition. A force of about 250 came out to meet us and opened fire. But we had only a mule and a horse shot when they discovered their mistake and withdrew."

Sir Harry celebrated St. Andrew's Day on the boat by performing on the bagpipes for the benefit of his fellow-passengers.

20,000,000 XMAS GREETINGS.

Mailbags Numbering 4,000 Filled at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

St. Martin's-le-Grand was the busiest place in London yesterday evening; the last Christmas foreign mail was being dispatched.

During the last quarter of an hour nearly 150,000 packets were posted by hand at the General Post Office, and by eight o'clock the tables in the sorting room were stacked with pyramids of letters and millions of cards bearing greetings from Britons to friends and relatives in every corner of the globe.

By midnight 4,000 foreign mailbags, each containing 5,000 packages, or 20,000,000 in all, had been filled.

TWO VILLAGES DIE OF HUNGER.

IRKUTSK, Friday.—A letter received here from Okhotsk states that a famine prevails in the Ghishiginsk district in consequence of the scarcity of fish.

The inhabitants of two villages have died of hunger, two steamers with provisions which were sent there having failed to arrive in time.—Reuter.

About £800 was obtained for the first portion of the late Duke of Cambridge's library, sold at Sotheby's rooms, yesterday.

NEW DANCING SECT.

Wonderful Scenes of Excitement in a London Suburb.

EXTRAORDINARY CREED.

Not since the days of the "Shakers" has so wonderful a sect arisen in London as that which is now exciting the usually calm suburb of Camberwell.

From distant Colorado and Illinois come the pioneers of the new religions, the "Pillar of Fire" and the "Burning Bush." They are both offshoots of Methodism, but Wesley would have had little sympathy with their strange freaks.

The pioneers are the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Harvey, and they are supported by four young ladies.

Yesterday they continued their extraordinary campaign in the public baths.

The faithful shrieked, clapped their hands, stamped, and vociferously encouraged each other. Mr. Harvey did a marvellous cake-walk backwards. During prayers the sectaries went almost into convulsions, and finally Mr. Harvey, in a paroxysm of joy, sprang up and succeeded in kicking his back with both heels, while he and his companions let out piercing yells and Indian war-whoops, falling joyfully upon each other's necks the while. They then sank exhausted on their chairs.

A speech from Mrs. White, interspersed with more yells, and an appeal to the audience to "come over and join us," closed the proceedings. Some seven responded to the appeal.

Wealthy Converts.

Mr. Kent White, interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*, explained the origin and objects of the revival. "My wife and I," he said, "are at the head of the movement. A voice came to us to revive the Holy Unice, which the Devil had misappropriated to his own ends."

Funds to carry on the good work are obtained from those who join us.

"Mr. F. M. Messenger, for instance, head of the cotton mills in New England, gave up a salary of £5,000 in this way, and one man presented us with a farm worth £2,000."

"From the Atlantic to the Pacific we have preached and taught. Now we have come for ten days—or more—to England. Our watchword is Praise and Joy, and our first text, 'Let them praise His name in the dance.' The church services are too funeral and stereotyped."

"Strange scenes happen when the call comes to converts. Once a man under the 'power'—when good and evil were fighting for the mastery—was knocked down four times during one evening."

"Another brother had a vision, and saw one end of the room full of demons. After a short time a heavenly being was seen to step between the brother and the demons and hold the latter at bay."

"Another saw an angel, with gold-tipped wings, floating over his head, keeping at bay a very large demon."

"Sometimes when the 'power' comes 'brothers' lie on the floor while their souls have taken a temporary journey to heaven. Later they tell us what they saw."

WILD GUNBOAT FIRING.

Court-Martial in the Case of the Bombarded Grange.

At Chatham yesterday a Court-martial inquired into the circumstances of the firing on the steamship Grange, in the Firth of Forth, on November 16.

Richard Johnston, chief officer of the gunboat Thrush, was the prisoner, and he was charged with carrying out target practice in a negligent manner and in unsuitable weather, by which damage was done to the Grange.

The chief mate of the Thrush said he did not consider the weather on November 16 was unsuitable for target practice.

He declared that the steamer Grange never came within two miles of the Thrush, and that when she was seen to be crossing the target firing ceased. The range in his opinion was clear the whole time. The Thrush recommenced firing only when the Grange was clear.

Richard Shaw, master of the Grange, said there were six shots, one of which struck the forecastle deck and smashed the port anchor controller. At no time during the firing could he see two miles.

The Court was adjourned till this morning.

SOLID SHOALS OF FISH.

Two remarkable fish stories come from Dover and Cornwall.

While some bell-divers, employed at the Admiralty harbour works, were being lowered in the sea, they passed through a solid shoal of sprats, about a thousand of which were caught in the bell and brought to the surface.

The Cornwall story relates to dogfish. It is stated that 1,500 pilchard fishermen are actually thrown out of work by these dogfish being as thick as the water is deep.

The "Northampton Mercury," the oldest private newspaper in the kingdom, established in 1729, has been sold to a syndicate.

CONVICT LIFE has never been woven into such an interesting narrative as the story told by MR. ADOLF BECK, with the assistance of the Authors of "Convict 99," in this modern martyr's pen picture entitled "Convict 413 L," to be found only from Sunday week—in the "WEEKLY DISPATCH."

Price Id.

PRAYER IN A COAL-MINE.

Weird Underground Devotions by Revival Converts.

In the depths of the Welsh coal-mines, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, regular prayer-meetings are now being held by the miners, and the gloomy galleries of coal are ringing with hymns that they sing as they walk to their work.

The men are going down into the pit half an hour before their time so that their prayer-meetings may not interfere with work. A correspondent who was present at such a meeting in Nantmelyn Colliery found it being conducted in the stables 65 feet below the surface.

One of the workmen was reading the sixth chapter of St. Matthew to about eighty of his comrades. The gloom of the place was dimly lighted by the colliers' lamps, some of which hung from beams, while others were held by the men themselves.

With occasional "Amen!" the strong, begrimmed toilers listened reverently to the reading of the Scripture. Then they sang a hymn of praise together, making the long, low galleries echo with the sound.

Then another miner delivered an impassioned address in Welsh, calling upon his comrades to "watch as well as pray." After that came more hymns and prayers, and finally the men marched singing to work.

Mr. Evan Roberts journeyed to Penrth yesterday, and renewed scenes of ecstatic abandonment were witnessed there. Similar scenes are occurring at dozens of villages in districts hundreds of miles apart.

At Rhos the religious revival continues with undiminished vigour, and to-night a gigantic procession will parade the district, and subsequently demonstrate outside local public-houses to obtain converts, who now number over three hundred.

There is a conflict of opinion in this town as to the effect of the revival. The revivalists declare it has reduced drunkenness to a vanishing point, but the police reports and publicans declare there is only a slight diminution.

SHAKESPEARE WEEK.

Scheme for the Erection of a London Memorial to the Bard.

The plans for erecting a great Shakespeare memorial in London have now taken definite shape.

Mr. Richard Badger has offered to start the fund with a first subscription of £2,000 and two other subscriptions amounting to £1,500. The London County Council has offered to provide a site, and a number of gentlemen interested in the project who have been meeting at His Majesty's Theatre have drawn up a programme.

They have arranged that the General Memorial Committee shall consist of leading men and women of England, representatives of the American people, and distinguished foreigners.

The great feature of the scheme is a "Shakespeare commemoration" to be held in all parts of the world during "Shakespeare week," 1905 (April 23 to May 1). During this week a concentrated effort to collect the necessary funds will be made.

MANSION HOUSE UNEMPLOYED FUND.

A meeting of Mr. Long's committee for the unemployed was held yesterday at the Mansion House. The Executive Committee recommended that the Lord Mayor be invited to open at once a fund for the provision of work for the unemployed.

This recommendation was unanimously adopted by the committee, who also agreed to accept an offer of 1,000 acres of land made by Mr. Feis.

ALPINE IDYLLS.

Romantic Scenes at a Lakeside Villa.

SLATER'S BIG FEES.

Romance was jumbled up with prosaic accounts and payments in Sir Francis Jeune's Court yesterday, when the divorce case brought by Mr. Richard Walter Wright, the well-known South African engineer, against his wife, Mrs. Dora Wright, was heard for the second time.

The Court began with figures when the hearing was resumed.

Mr. Wright, who has a high, intellectual forehead, well capable of subduing intricacies of accounts, said that he had paid "Slater's," £1,400 through his agents, in addition to some minor sums previously mentioned.

Mr. Osborn's Twenty-five Guineas a Day.

To Mr. Osborn he paid, through the same channel, twenty-five guineas a day, and the solicitor was receiving this for about twelve or fourteen days.

Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., indicated that he thought the period was longer; Mr. Baggrave Deane, K.C., said it had been arranged that the total sum paid to Mr. Osborn should not exceed £500; the President remarked that such expenses were necessarily high.

It was quite a relief when counsel began to read the depositions of the Swiss witnesses describing the leafy summerhouse, the walks that Mrs. Wright and Mr. Pico took in the lake-side garden in the pleasant evening-time, the whisky that was taken up to the apartment of Mrs. Wright and her mother, the general social habits of the students of Lausanne University, who played cards, and sometimes tennis, with the ladies of the hotel, and the general behaviour, with special reference to possible flirting, of the hotel's guests.

More romantic still was the account given by William George King, a former employee of Slater's, of the mysterious white villa by Lugano Lake, to which, it is alleged, Mrs. Wright and Pico surreptitiously retired.

King went to the villa with another detective, Roper, and a Swiss official. "Slater's" men had seen the couple in Lugano town, and had tracked them home.

Story of an Open Window.

A formal visit was paid to the villa by the detective at 6.30 on one wet winter morning, and when Mrs. Wright opened her bedroom door to see who her visitors were, King saw Mr. Pico through the crack made by the door at its hinges.

But when, with Roper, he went into the bedroom, after Mrs. Wright had vacated it, there was no Mr. Pico there—only an open window. But Roper discovered a pair of gentlemen's socks.

They went downstairs, and met Mr. Pico coming in at the front door—without boots and without a collar.

The strangeness of this attire for a wet morning King pointed out to the young Italian, and the young Italian answered him—in Italian. (Loud laughter.)

King said that Mr. Osborn was at Lugano, but not when the visit was paid to the villa.

During the early part of the day Mrs. Wright, a good-looking blonde lady, sat at the solicitors' table. She shed tears when Mr. Rawlinson read some letters written by her to her husband about their children, and about the kisses the little ones sent to Mr. Wright when he was 6,000 miles away. The case was adjourned.

MYSTERY OF A PORTRAIT.

Some years ago a box was left at the palace of the Bishop of Peterborough, and was found to contain an oil painting of Archbishop Magee, massively and handsomely framed, and eight feet long. There was no clue to the donor or artist, and to this day the mystery has not been solved.

The present Bishop has now given the portrait to the new Carnegie Library at Peterborough, on condition that should the rightful owner claim it he shall have it.

'STUPID, FOOLISH, CALLOUS.'

Remarkable Defence in a Murder Charge.

In the face of remarkably strong circumstantial evidence, Joseph Farrell, Elizabeth Farrell, and Anne Timmins were yesterday acquitted of the murder of Catherine Simmons at Heystebury-lane, Dennybrook, Dublin, on October 13 last.

The Crown evidence was that the deceased woman was found dead in the lane at six in the morning.

Constable Breen had heard sounds of quarrelling in the house and the voice of Mrs. Farrell saying, "The curse of God on you. I'll kill you," and when, after the murder, the constable went to the house of the Farrells, Mrs. Farrell exclaimed, "Oh, my God, is that the end of her?" The accused denied that the deceased woman had been in the house at all.

Mr. Jefferson, who defended, now admitted that they had told untruths. They had left the woman in a drunken state in the kitchen. She fell off what she was lying on and sustained injuries to her head. They found her later on dead, and they removed her body outside, a stupid and foolish, perhaps a calumnious, thing, but they did it.

Mr. Justice Madden said it was quite clear that there was a drunken orgy in the house, but unless the jury found that the prisoners had used violence to the deceased they should acquit them.

Counsel for Fee, the man who is now on trial for the third time at Belfast for the murder of John Flanagan at Clones, put forward yesterday a much stronger alibi than at the previous trial. Fee's every movement, he said, between one and three o'clock on the fatal day could be accounted for. Evidence in support of this will be called today.

MALODOROUS ALIENS.

Macedonian Gypsies Moving, Bag and Baggage, On Essex.

The horde of Macedonian gypsies who camped on Tower Hill on Thursday night were yesterday moved on by the police.

When last seen they were travelling slowly eastward into Essex in search of a less-frequented camping place.

An inspection of the band revealed the undesirable nature of the newcomers. They are obviously beggars by instinct and training, and filthy, squalid, and filthy.

The men of the party met the police order to move on with insolent grins and the intimation, by signs, that they knew no English.

Eventually, however, they harnessed their warlike crews of horses to their infinitely disreputable caravans and, with loud cries and a free use of whips, the procession started.

Their departure was hailed with relief by all residents in the vicinity, for twenty-four hours of their company had sufficed to cause fears of a pestilence.

By three boats from Hamburg, Bremen, and Rotterdam, they arrived 250 Russian Jews in London yesterday.

CARDBOARD BOOTS.

"All-Leather" Crusader Resents a Paper's Criticisms.

"Adulterated boots" was the subject of a libel action brought yesterday in the Lord Chief Justice's Court by Mr. Soper, a bootmaker, well-known in the trade for his opposition to cardboard in boots, against Mr. Randall, of the "Boot and Shoe Trade Journal."

At the "Boot and Shoe Exhibition" held last year Mr. Soper had a stall, where, in pursuit of his campaign, he gave ocular demonstrations of the difference between cardboard boots and good boots, and advocated a "standard mark." He was hoisted and mobbed by malcontents.

During the exhibition, it was stated, an "Edition de Luxe" of the trade paper was issued, an editorial of which accused Mr. Soper of himself selling boots "not all leather."

The fact was, counsel pointed out, that Mr. Soper had unwittingly received into his shop boots with cardboard in them, the maker of which he had since taxed with the adulteration.

The case was adjourned.

POOR MAN'S LAMENT.

Epping Forest was looked upon by Frederick Foster, labourer, of Waltham Abbey, as public property where he might snare rabbits at will. He was very downcast when the Stratford magistrates fined him a sovereign yesterday.

"You must not beg, you are not allowed to steal, the workhouses are full up—what are the poor to do?" he asked despairingly.

For exhibiting in his window three improper pictures entitled "It's a Shame to Take the Money," "Lucky Dog," and "Not 'Ad," an Edgware picture-dealer was fined 25 and costs. It was said that 60,000 copies had been sold.

MADMAN WITH A BAYONET.

Soldier Runs Amok and Stabs Civilians.

A private of the 3rd Scots Guards, named Herbert Baynes, a Lancashire man, with an excellent character as a soldier, created a sensation in Farnborough at a late hour of night by running amok with his bayonet and seriously wounding two civilians.

After going off guard duty in the Marlborough lines at ten o'clock on Thursday, he walked into Farnborough with a naked bayonet concealed in his pocket.

Entering a cycle agent's shop he asked for a lamp, and while it was being wrapped up he drew the bayonet from his pocket, and, taking unawares a man named Henderson, who was standing in the shop, he dealt him a sudden blow on the back of the neck.

Baynes then fled like a madman. In spite of a long, deep wound, from which the blood streamed, Henderson followed to the door, crying "Stop him!"

A greengrocer named Walworth, who stepped from his doorway to secure the soldier, received such a ferocious stab in the face that he now lies in a dangerous condition in Aldershot Hospital.

After passing Walworth the madman ran into the arms of a piquet and was disarmed after a severe struggle.

Baynes will be brought before the magistrates on Monday, and is, meanwhile, under medical supervision.

SMOTHERED CHILDREN.

Father Murders His Little Daughter and Son, and Commits Suicide.

The dead bodies of two young children with that of their father, also dead, were discovered in a house in Wightman-road, Haringey, yesterday.

Everything points to the fact that the father, Arthur Yorke, murdered the children, Dolly, aged seven, and Charlie, aged three, and then committed suicide.

The little girl and her brother had been suffocated, and the father had died from the effects of a strong dose of poison.

Shortly after ten in the morning Mrs. Yorke had left home to take another of the children to one of the metropolitan hospitals. While she was absent her husband sat down and wrote two letters, one addressed to his son and another to his wife. These he directed the servant girl to take to his business office near Hutton-garden.

When she returned home again after one o'clock she found the house silent and the rooms in disorder. A search revealed the terrible tragedy to her eyes.

It was not till later that Mrs. Yorke returned to learn of the awful fate which had overtaken her family.

LAWSON SURPRISED.

Possibility of a Second Trial Referred to by the Judge.

At the opening of the ninth day of the trial at the Old Bailey of Bodley and Lawson for alleged conspiracy, the latter defendant suggested to the Judge that he might be able to curtail his cross-examination of witnesses. He wished to ascertain more clearly the scope of the respective indictments.

Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence: You must understand that we are dealing with the first indictment only. Get out of your mind to-day anything about the second indictment.

Lawson: Is that really so. I am not charged on the second indictment?

The Judge: Not at this trial.

Lawson: Would there have to be another trial for that?

The Judge: Yes.

Lawson (in a surprised tone): Oh?

The Judge: There may have to be another trial.

I don't say there will have to be.

SAW HER MOTHER MURDERED.

Paralyzed with fear, and unable to do anything to prevent him, a Birkenley girl, aged twelve, saw her father attack her mother with a hatchet and a razor, nearly severing the woman's head from her body.

Hearing the terrified girl's screams the father, after striking her, rushed into a neighbour's house and cut his own throat.

"OUR RETROGRADE ARMY."

Our Army was now in a worse condition for any sustained and trying exertion than it was in 1890, said Dr. T. Miller Maguire at the Royal United Service Institution last night. In fact it was worse than in any period of our history since 1756.

Praising Japanese strategy, he said that the Japanese had deliberately ignored the tactics of South Africa, and had almost revived the methods of Napoleon.

"I look on beer as a gift of God," said the Rev. O'Callaghan Crossweird at a meeting of the Driffield Board of Guardians last night.

BURGLARS' MECCA.

Another Raid on Valuables in Clerkenwell.

COLONEL STOCKALL ILL.

Clerkenwell is the burglar's Mecca.

The district, so abundant in gold and precious stones, has once more been the scene of their exploits, but on this occasion the value of the loot falls short of £100.

The robbery took place on the premises of Messrs. Mitchell and Cooper, a firm of engravers, at 35, Sutton-street, at some hour after midnight on Thursday, and the thieves managed to get away without attracting the attention of the police.

They took a quantity of sheet silver and gold, as well as some plated bowls.

Mr. Cooper, one of the partners in the firm, in an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, said, "We left the premises late last night and everything was intact. This morning we found that the place had been ransacked. The safes, however, had not been tampered with."

"The thieves came in through the roof at the top of the house. The London County Council own a lot of empty houses at the corner of this street, and we have discovered that the burglars got through the back of these houses and climbed up on to our roof."

"They were not experts," said Mr. Cooper, "like the gang who robbed Colonel Stockall, as these men took metal goods away with them and left the silver ones behind."

So far, no trace of the robbers has been discovered.

Seven Policemen Fined.

Colonel Stockall, the victim of the daring robbery a week ago, was very ill yesterday, and could not see anyone except Chief-Inspector Leach, of Scotland Yard, and Inspector Kidd, who visited him during the afternoon.

In connection with the missing padlock, seven policemen have been fined two shillings a day, and have also been reprimanded for not arousing the caretaker when they noticed its absence.

DELILAH AND NAOMI.

London Too Exciting for Two Country Visitors.

In the village of Great Maplestead, Essex, the Misses Delilah and Naomi Deane, two elderly ladies, are familiar figures. Their family had not extended to London before this week.

Though the surroundings were so strange they made themselves as much at home in the dock of North London Police Court yesterday as if they were by their own hearthside. They had it appeared, not realized that a heated argument between them in the front garden of a villa in Old-field-road, Stoke Newington, might receive a different interpretation than in the familiar village street of Great Maplestead.

A crowd of boys had gathered and the police had intervened. The two visitors from the country were, however, nothing more than eccentric and quite harmless. Mr. Fordham was told.

Delilah: And, thank God, I am not even eccentric.

Mr. Fordham: Go back to Essex. London is no place for you.

Delilah: Isn't it? I rather like London.

Mr. Fordham: Well, Essex is quieter, and there are not so many policemen and boys about. You are discharged.

BURGLAR'S DARING LEAP.

Waking in the middle of the night, Mr. William Townsend, of Old Kent-road, found two men in his room, and attempted to secure them. But while he held one the other jumped through the window, a distance of twenty feet, and escaped, apparently unscathed.

The captive, James Macdonald, was remanded at Southwark yesterday.

Lord Brassey suggested at Leicester last night, as a solution of the unemployed problem, that the Government should create a satisfactory canal service in England, which would cost £50,000,000.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the inflammation, cures wind-colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

THINNEST WATCHES
IN THE WORLD.
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Blue Oxidized Cases - -
Jewelled Lever Movements.
ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.
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NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

RUBY WORTH £12,000.

The Duke of Connaught is to inspect the forces at Gibraltar, Malta, and Egypt in January.

Five miles of new tramway from Cricklewood to Edgware will be opened by the Metropolitan Electric Company to-day.

The Besses o' th' Barn band, once the champion brass band in England, is engaged to appear at Paris in May next.

WHAT A CIRCUS EATS.

To keep a circus in idleness is no inconsiderable drain on the resources of a proprietor.

In the report of Barnum and Bailey, Limited, which shows a profit balance of £39,125 on the year's working, £30,000 is placed aside for wintering the animals in London, Stoke-on-Trent, New York, and Bridgeport.

BRIDAL COUPLE AGED 153.

The little village of Pullam St. Mary, in Norfolk, witnessed a somewhat novel wedding on Wednesday at the Baptist Chapel, where Mrs. William Norman, a widow, was united to Mr. E. Semmens, of Tivetshall.

The bride confesses to seventy-eight years, and the gallant bridegroom to seventy-five summers.

APPALLING INFANTILE MORTALITY.

The medical officer for the Borough of Stepney, Dr. D. L. Thomas, has reported that during the last four weeks 127 deaths of infants under twelve months old had taken place.

In limehouse the rate was no less than 236 per 1,000 births, figures never before reached. This means that one out of every four children born does not live a year.

BACK TO HAND LABOUR.

The Works Committee of the Stepney Borough Council, as a means of helping the unemployed, have suspended using the street sweeping machines, and in their place have decided to take on ten men for each machine.

This will absorb 200 of the men, and the change was effected yesterday. It is also proposed to vote £2,000 for relief works.

VALUABLE NELSON RELIC.

During next week there is to be sold in London Nelson's original letter-book. These contain the original drafts of sixty letters written from 1796 to 1797, all of which refer to naval operations.

There is a record of the storming of Santa Cruz, and on the last page giving the list of casualties is the following entry: "Officer killed and wounded, Rear-Admiral Nelson, right arm shot off." Many of the letters have not been published.

CHEAP JEWELLERY PROFITS.

What constitutes filled-gold jewellery formed an interesting disclosure in a county court case at Walsall.

A jeweller sued for balance of an account which included a ring for which 28s. was charged, but which was stated to be worth about a shilling.

In giving judgment for the plaintiff, Judge Roberts said it was well-known that the trade profit on cheap jewellery was 80 per cent.

THE KING AS FARMER.

His Majesty on Tuesday appeals to his subjects as a prosperous farmer and grazier with a fine collection of fat stock which he offers for sale by auction at Slough.

Messrs. Buckland and Sons, who conduct the auction, announce 31 lots, comprising 25 Devon bullocks, 130 Hampshire Down Ties, 82 bacon hogs and porkers of the Berkshire and Prince Consort's Windsor breeds.

MOVEMENTS OF JUDGES.

Mr. Justice Bigham and Mr. Justice Warrington will be the Christmas Vacation Judges, and one will attend during the first part and the other during the second half of the vacation.

Mr. Justice Grantham will leave London this afternoon for the Leeds Assizes, where he will join Mr. Justice Darling.

During next week, however, Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. Justice Bray, and probably Mr. Justice Bigham are expected to return to London permanently.

GREAT SEALS' COST.

The Great Seal which fell to the lot of Lord Halsbury last week has been only for three and a-half years in use, and its cost was £400.

In the reign of Queen Victoria there were four Great Seals, of which the first was made in 1838, and remained in use till 1860; its cost is now unknown.

The second Great Seal, which was in use from 1860 till 1878, cost £413; and the third Great Seal, which was in use from 1878 till 1900, cost £513.

BROAD-MINDED CLERIC.

An effort to rescind the resolution of the Mile End Guardians allowing the inmates of the work-house their Christmas beer was defeated by the action of a charitable-minded clergyman.

The Rev. Leader Chapman protested against the poor people being prevented from enjoying themselves. He would not be able to enjoy his glass of wine after his Christmas dinner if he thought that their people were prohibited from having their little dose of beer.

Mr. Nelf Jones has been adopted as Liberal candidate for Walthamstow.

Sir Henry Cochrane, Bart., of 45, Kildare-street, Dublin, has left estate worth £552,988.

Sir Henry Kimber, M.P., will lecture on "Redistribution" at the Constitutional Club on Monday.

Flannelette clothing was the cause of Agnes Wright, aged seventy-seven, an Islington widow, being burnt to death.

REALISING A DREAM.

To settle the differences which have existed in an acute form between the Great Central and the Metropolitan Railway Companies a new Bill has been deposited at the Private Bill Office.

All matters in dispute are arranged by leases being granted the Great Central of certain portions of line.

This will make it possible for the Great Central to much improve its service to the north, and the effective competition of that company with other northern companies, which was the dream of the late Sir Edward Watkin, is now likely to be realised.

AUDITORS' RED TAPE.

Hebden Bridge local sanitary authority is labouring under a grievance which is to be brought before the Local Government Board, and, failing redress there, to Parliament.

During the recent smallpox outbreak all the lodging-houses were closed so as to stop the movement of troops through the district, and this course was of material assistance in subduing the outbreak.

At the expense of £30 only the lodging-house keepers were compensated for their loss, but the amount has been charged the individual members of the council by the auditors.

FIRE AT A THEATRE.

Terriss's Theatre at Rotherhithe was the scene of a somewhat exciting fire, which broke out at about two o'clock yesterday morning.

A large wooden receptacle used for the storage of condemned scenery and other rubbish became ignited, and the theatre rapidly filled with smoke.

Fortunately the fireman permanently employed quickly got one of the theatre hydrants at work, and the flames were to a large extent held in check until the arrival of the fire brigade. The performances last night took place as usual.

ADVERTISING RAILWAYS.

The London and South-Western Railway Company has had prepared sets of magic-lantern slides illustrating scenery and interesting objects in Devonshire, which will be lent gratuitously for use by clubs, guilds, institutes, parochial organisations, and in near London.

Each set comprises six dozen photographic views, one set being of North Devon and the other of East Devon, and explanatory notes have been prepared for the assistance of those unacquainted with the district.

RETURNING THE PRESENTS.

Mr. Richard Rigg, M.P., has not only formally severed his connection with the Liberal associations of North Westmorland, but has returned them the presents made him on his marriage three months ago.

This course has caused embarrassment, as vases and tea-trays are of no possible use to the Liberal wire-pullers, and if they are returned to the manufacturers all the subscribers can hope to see of their money is a small dividend.

WATERING WILD CATTLE.

Welsh wild cattle are wild more than in name alone and recent having applied to them the methods of domestication.

David Armstrong, an elderly cattleman, of Burnfoot, near Langholm, while watering wild cattle incautiously approached near one of the beasts, which was tied to a stake in the cattle-house.

He was kicked some distance among the other cattle, and was rescued with both legs broken and severe wounds to his head.

DEATH OF A LUCKNOW HERO.

General G. Strangeways died at Jersey yesterday, aged eighty-three years, after a week's illness.

The late General commanded the 71st Native Infantry on the outbreak of the Mutiny at Lucknow on the night of May 30, 1857.

He was afterwards present at the battle of Cawnpore and defeat of the Gwalior contingent.

DISTRUST OF IRELAND.

Application to form a Motor Volunteer Corps for Ireland has been refused by the War Office on the ground that the Volunteer Act of 1863 does not apply to the sister Isle.

This reason seems inadequate, as the objections to placing arms and ammunition in the hands of the Irish can hardly apply to motor-cars.

YELLOW BEET ON SALE.

A small yellow beet is to be seen on sale. It is rather a rarity, but is one of the finest flavoured of its species in cultivation, infinitely superior to the common red variety, which was originally introduced into salads for its decorative effect.

Cats kept as pets are a frequent cause of asthma, says the "Practitioner."

Next year's ladies' golf-championship will be held at Cromer on May 29.

"Workless workers" will be the subject of the Rev. W. Carille's sermon at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, to-morrow at six.

SEASIDE FOR PAUPERS.

So crowded has become the workhouse at Hammersmith that the new building at Shepherd's Bush not yet being available the guardians have to board out a number of paupers.

Much to their own satisfaction some have been sent to seaside homes.

SEAL AS HILL-CLIMBER.

That seals travel considerable distances overland is well known to naturalists.

It comes, however, as a surprise to find that a large white seal has been found by a shepherd high up on the hills of Skye, over a mile from the nearest arm of the sea.

HAMPTON COURT SEAGULLS.

At one time seagulls, even at London Bridge, were a remarkably rare sight. Now they have ventured winter by winter further up the Thames until they are a familiar sight even above lock.

They are now to be seen in considerable numbers at Thames Ditton and Molesey, and on the Hampton Court ponds.

PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

Yesterday morning a large party of pilgrims left London to take part in the great ceremonies at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 8th, in connection with the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

Amongst the number were the Roman Catholic Bishops of Liverpool and Birmingham. Dr. Amigo, of Southwark, will join the party in Rome.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

Speaking at Sowerby Bridge, Mr. J. S. Higham, M.P., propounded a conundrum for those who asserted that the reduction in the number of public-houses would not lessen the amount of drink sold.

If that was so, why did not the brewers reduce their numbers by half for the sake of the saving in the cost of management.

FIERY FIRE ENGINE HORSES.

Taken out for exercise, the horses of the Preston Fire Brigade resented being driven at a trot, and showed their fitness for their work by bolting at a mad gallop.

The driver was thrown from the box and injured, but the well-trained animals safely brought the engine back to the station, where they came to a dead stop.

MARLBOROUGH BOYS' MISSION.

In support of the mission founded and maintained at Tottenham by old Marlboroughs a meeting will be held in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, on Wednesday next, at five o'clock.

The Bishops of London and Richmond, and both the late and present headmasters of Marlborough will be present and speak.

BADGES FOR GAELIC.

With a view of rehabilitating the Gaelic tongue in Ireland it is suggested that those with a knowledge of the language should wear a small badge.

A speaker at a public meeting would thus be able to know how many were present who would understand him if he spoke the national language. Also, an audience seeing the badge would know what language he was talking.

BOOMING BOURNEMOUTH.

For a seaside resort to make itself popular with the public its attractions should be constantly boomed.

Bournemouth is fortunate in the "Bournemouth Graphic," an ambitious local publication, which has just issued a Christmas number.

This includes a number of specially-written contributions by well-known writers, all of whom claim a residential qualification.

CHOOSING A PLUMBER.

At the season of frost and thaw, when water-pipes are given to bursting and baths to leak, it is only fitting that the Plumbers' Company should urge on the public to show a preference for men who have gained their certificates.

Plumbers labour under an unenviable reputation for scoundrel work, but it is claimed those holding the company's certificate have given evidence of experience, and have been trained in their calling.

STICKING-PLASTER IN WAR.

Of the many lessons which army surgeons may expect to learn from the Russo-Japanese war, one of the most striking is that of the use of beans for the healing of wounds.

The Japanese surgeons dress all kinds of wounds, both slight and severe, with a kind of sticking-plaster made of beans.

They are made into a paste and sterilised by a method at present known only to the Japanese, and the results from their use, both antiseptic and as stopping the flow of blood, are said to be marvellous.

Aladdin's Riches in a London Exhibition.

PEARLS THE SIZE OF CHERRIES.

Twelve thousand pounds for a single ruby!

That is the startling price now being asked for a stone on exhibition in London, which is three-quarters of an inch long by half an inch wide, and very deep.

Its glorious depth of colour, fire, and brilliancy make it matchless. It was described yesterday to the *Daily Mirror* by Messrs. Boucheron, the well-known Paris jewellers, who own it, as the finest ruby both for quality and size in the world.

Messrs. Boucheron are now exhibiting in Sackville-street, W., and in one small cabinet there is to be seen an almost priceless collection of stones.

There are white pearls as big as cherries, black ones of almost the same size, and splendid double-terminated diamond aigrettes, the upper tier consisting of single stones joined to the lower with flexible jewelled bands so as to quiver and flash back the light with every movement of the fair wearer's head.

Gorgeous green emeralds of unexampled purity and fire are mingled with sapphires of the deepest blue. Single diamonds, an inch or more long of the finest quality, lie side by side with spinel, topaz, and tourmaline.

But there is something more than mere fineness of stones. There is originality of design shown at this exhibition.

One particularly pretty one is a brooch formed of two tiny golden cups bearing between them a diamond heart. Two deep red ruby strips, darting out from the heart's apex, symbolise the consuming fire of Love.

Daring and successful, too, are the combinations of colours.

Emeralds, white and black pearls, and diamonds in one ornament are strikingly successful.

The insertion of five enormous rubies between the two bands of a small necklace meet at a cross is a daring venture. But the vivid red mass flashing out vigorously from the surrounding white has an unusually fine effect.

These five rubies, it may be mentioned, are worth £20,000.

THE CITY.

Business Dull—Effect of the London and Paris Incident—New Gold Discoveries Help Rhodesians.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—Stock markets have been quieter to-day. The amount of business showed a slight falling off. There is no doubt that the London and Paris Exchange fiasco has had something to do with it. We explained yesterday how option dealings in connection with that firm of outside brokers have created problems in the market, and how the institution itself is concerned, it is said that at this afternoon's meeting matters were arranged. Business to-day on the Stock Exchange was dull during the morning, but there was an improved tendency later, and a firm close for Consols at 88½ ex-dividend. The coming presently of £1,000,000 of gold from India and the fact that so far the heavy bullion withdrawals for South America, which had been discussed, had not taken place, had a good deal to do with it.

Home Ralls.

Home Ralls, opening firm, had a tendency to droop. There was good buying of Chatham descriptions, although no confirmation was forthcoming of the new capital rumours which circulated yesterday. South-Western deferred has been a hard market. Great Westerns were not bad, while at one time the Scottish stocks were good.

Business has slackened off a good deal in American Ralls. Our market refuses to take a lead, and with the exception of adjustments to New York prices, there is really nothing to notice. But the dull tone for Americans also has an adverse effect upon Canadian Ralls. Grand Trunks are lower, though the market says that it expects a traffic increase of £20,000. It says this because there is one working day more in the period this year than last, but it seems pitching estimates rather high. A sharp setback in all the Mexican Railway descriptions has been noticeable, heavy profit-taking being indulged in, although so far no news specially to account for it is forthcoming. Argentine Ralls have also slipped a little. Here, again, there is no special reason.

Generally speaking, Foreign stocks have been hopeful. Paris, for instance, longer, especially the Rio Tinto. And this is in spite of the fact that the fortnightly copper statistics showed a good deal more copper stocked and in sight. Stocks, in fact, increased by 746 tons, and the amount in sight by 1,621 tons. There was a rally in Peruvians, and all French favourites were good. Japanese did not derive much benefit from the war news, but Russians were lower.

Miscellaneous Selling.

There was a lot of selling of Hudson's Bays at one time, but Canada bought them up later, and they closed at 52. Lyons are still dull on the new debenture issue. The textile group is good. Coats, Ene Spinnars, and Cordons all showing a better tendency. Peking Syndicates and Shanshi were dull in the morning, rallying a little later. Nelsons were offered.

There was less business in the South African market, partly due to the London and Paris affair. But the dull tone which was noticeable at first gave place to an improved tendency later. Chartered led the rally and touched 24, closing 23½. This was due to a hopeful cablegram about the new alluvial discoveries, which had the effect of helping to steady the market. The ralls were rather better. Northern Territors, however, were flat, going under 24 on another anti-imperial statement about the property of the Government. The West Africans continue, Sasana and Amalgamated being features, and the improvement in the West African section is still due to the reasons which we noticed yesterday. Egyptians seemed to be recovering again.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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THOUSANDS OF HORSES ARE SLAUGHTERED EVERY YEAR UNNECESSARILY. POST MORTEM SHOW THAT IN MOST CASES THEY ARE SUFFERING FROM WORMS.

MOLASSINE MEAL

eradicates all Worms and Parasites, and creates such healthy internal conditions that Horses are kept in perfect health and always ready for the collar.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

SURFACE RIPPLES.

THE "Religious Revival" in Wales is following the usual course of such outbreaks, the course which the "Pentecostal Dancing" movement will follow if it ever gains any hold. Every day fresh "cases of penitence" are reported. Every day there is some new act of fanatic extravagance to excite our wonder. Several poor creatures have lost their reason altogether. Any number of others, too weak-headed to endure the vehemence of the boy-preacher, have parted with their sense of proportion, and are doing all kinds of foolish things to show how religious they now are.

"Foolish" may seem an unsympathetic word for us to use. But what other word adequately describes the action of the men who have forsown football as if it were a wife of the Evil One? Most of us who have studied humanity at all would rather trust a man or boy who spent his spare time playing a good game in the open-air than one who devoted all his leisure to praying and singing hymns. The nature of Man is not more capable of sustained religious ecstasy than of any other violent passion or emotion. After a while there must come a reaction; and the probabilities are that your religious enthusiast under the depressing influence of the swing-back will sink even deeper into faults and vices than he was before the attack seized him.

Just at present the Welsh miners to whom Master Evan Roberts is preaching have given up drinking, given up swearing, given up all worldly recreations. The pit ponies "hardly understand what is said to them," so accustomed were they to the strong language that was in common use before Master Roberts's campaign opened. The public-houses are deserted. Theatres and football fields are alike empty.

How long do you suppose this will last? Another week or two perhaps. With a few people possibly a month. Then all will be as before. Publicans will regain their cheerfulness. Pit ponies will be puzzled no longer. There will be no more trace left of the "boy evangelist's" mission than is left on a swift-flowing river after you have flung in a stone.

There is no royal road to Religion. We change our natures in the twinkling of an eye. Under the influence of eloquent pleading we may fancy we are changed. But Ly and by the old character reasserts itself. The only way to improve either our hearts or our minds is the gradual way. "It's dogged as does it" in this as in everything else.

BETTER AND CHEAPER ROADS.

For a long time it has been clear that the Macadam system of road-making has outlived its usefulness. It was not adapted for very heavy traffic, even when it was applied as Macadam meant it to be. The modern road-layers' adoption of it—putting down large stones with a little sand and running a steam-roller over them—is no good for traffic at all. Although this has been evident for many years, no attempt was made to find a better road-surface until, with motor-cars coming into general use, the dust nuisance grew unbearable. Even then it was left to motorists to look for a remedy. The deadheads, wire-pullers, and sleep-walkers whom we elect as our representatives on public bodies made no effort whatever.

Now that motorists have found a plan of dustless road-making with a material largely composed of tar, it is time for local authorities all over the country to be sharply stirred up.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Evidence is the basis of justice; exclude evidence, you exclude justice.—*Jeremy Bentham*, 1812.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY Lord Roberts will be back in England from his South African tour, and after revisiting the scene where the famous episode of the small child and the alphabet took place, now immortalised on canvas. The picture is delightful, so is the pretty little girl who sits upon the great man's knee; and luckily it was not a little girl, but a little boy, and he did not sit on Lord

Roberts's knee, but stood by his side. This is a sad blow for the sentimentalist, but true.

That it should be a boy is quite natural and obvious to anyone who knows Lord Roberts's tastes. Like General Gordon, he likes boys, because he sees in them possible soldiers. It is something like a quarter of a century ago that he was at a

certain Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, and the guest on a drag, which was practically covered with Harrow boys. Lord Roberts scouted the enemy, and spotted his Eton colours. During the whole of the match there was a steady fight between the one "Eton chap" and his youthful antagonists. At last he was defeated by numbers, and his colours were totally lost, but he did enjoy that "rag."

It is bad news for the musical world that Mrs. Ronalds is lying ill, for she has always been one of the keenest supporters of every movement in music. A close friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, it was Mrs. Ronalds who, by her tact and interest, brought about the reconciliation between the musician and the librettist. By birth she is an American, but has lived in England for years.

Married in early life to an unsympathetic husband, she left America soon after the Civil War, and, after a stay in Paris, came to London. She is a born musician, and when she first arrived here her voice created a veritable furore. Only four years ago, when she was sixty-nine and her husband seventy-three, they were divorced after being apart for over thirty years.

The principles of a lifetime can easily be upset, it seems, for M. Jean Jaurès, the leader of the French Socialists, editor of "Humanité," and one of the keenest foes of duelling, has been provoked into sending a challenge to M. Déroulede, the Nationalist agitator. Still, he is always unconventional, so perhaps his latest action will pass in France as pardonable eccentricity and be forgiven him. As leader of the French Socialists he occupies a very weighty position in the country, and his wonderful eloquence seems to control him himself, as much as it does his hearers.

In appearance he is not prepossessing. Short and burly of figure, rustic in his dress and manners, he gives one not only the idea of lack of care, but even of cleanliness. His powers as an orator—especially a mob orator in the open air—are increased by a wonderfully hard and metallic voice, which can be heard in any tumult. The uncouthness of his appearance is very deceptive, for he is a brilliant scholar, and first made his mark as a professor of philosophy. Now, his chief characteristic is a haughty contempt for the conventionalities of life, and he is described as "a man whose speeches are sometimes too long and whose trousers are invariably too short."

Yesterday the Duchess of Marlborough opened a bazaar at Reading in aid of the S.P.C.K., and doubtless many of her audience felt a strong wish to thank the Duke for his choice of an American Duchess. She is certainly one of the most popular, though she cannot claim to be the richest, of American peeresses. She is also the tallest, and certainly one of the prettiest. She is always beautifully dressed, and still wears a look of youthful surprise, which is really more the result of her highly curved eyebrows than of innate youthfulness.

If Mr. Winston Churchill should wed an American heiress, as has been hinted by the American Press, the Americanisation of the family would be complete. His mother was an American, too. So was the mother of the present Duke of Marlborough—a Miss Price of New York. Thus when the young Marquis of Blandford becomes Duke of Marlborough in his turn, he may be the head of quite an American family of Marlboroughs and Churchills.

Mr. Percy Alden, who to-day says on page 11 how he would cope with the problem of the poor, has a very practical experience of the subject, and every right to discuss it. On leaving Oxford he took up his abode in a two-roomed lodging in Camden Town, and started on his work of setting an example, and helping the degraded in one of the most distressing quarters of London. Of course, a really keen interest in social questions and an ardent desire to devote himself to the solution of the problem of the poor was at the bottom of his action, or it would have soon come to an end.

The two rooms grew into a regular settlement, now known as the Mansfield Settlement. Later he became editor of the "Echo," but still lived in his old quarters, though obliged to hand over much of his work there to willing helpers. It is fourteen years now since the Mansfield Settlement was started, and during all that time its sphere of usefulness has grown, and especially of late, when Mr. Alden is once more able to give his whole time to the work. The providing of amusement which shall be sufficiently attractive and at the same time beneficial in its results is one of the problems which the Mansfield Settlement has successfully attacked.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 3.—After looking upon the gorgeous present of the month, so full of life, so splendid in colouring, how grateful we now are for simple garden pictures—the morning mists decking each branch with gems, the green lawns, the dark, sleeping soil.

Hollies and laurels grow greener every day. They seem to know that the time has come when their position is lavished on them. The pine-trees, too, stand more proudly up, still withdrawing their summer song; but the bare branches round them groan at each gust. E. F. T.

HOW RUSSIANS ARE DELUDED BY THEIR NEWSPAPERS.



The Russian Press has now made up its mind that Port Arthur must fall; but it declares, by way of consoling the nation, that the Japanese army in the north is in the grip of a terrible disease brought on by eating bad rice—a pure invention on their part.

[Cartoon from the St. Petersburg "Schut."]

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General French.

IT has been rumoured for some time that he meant to retire, as he could not get on with the "old women" at the War Office. His report on the Army manoeuvres reads like a confirmation of the rumour, for he does not scruple to express his opinion of the muddling of that august body in Pall Mall.

Still, it is just like him to say what he means. He always has done. He is much too thorough a person to hide his real feelings.

Not that, as an officer, he is in the habit of finding fault. His men will tell you that he is one of the best-natured of commanders, but when he does find fault, he does it with a vengeance.

Of his military successes everyone knows, and the qualities which made for that success are the very qualities which have made for his popularity.

He is fearless, and he never spares himself. And not sparing himself means a lot in his case, for his powers of work seem beyond measure. He will gallop all day, then, when everybody is worn out, he will settle down to several hours' work at dispatches, and end up by snatching a few hours' sleep on the ground or the floor. At least, that is how he managed in South Africa.

In the Army, if you spoke of "the square little general," everyone would know who you meant. They say he is a "brick" and looks like a brick. He is short, thick, and solid, always stands with his feet wide apart, and sits hunched up in the saddle like a sack of corn. Looked at from behind, he looks as though he did not possess a vestige of neck. As for dress, he only thinks of its use—when on business bent.

He has a predilection for a certain type of helmet without a pugaree, and always carries a cane, with which he digs his foot when he is out of temper.

Much of his character comes from his early life at sea, for he spent five years in the Navy.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Joy Among the Ducks.

THERE was great excitement in St. James's Park yesterday. The ice had disappeared.

The day before there had been a thin film on parts of the lake; the day before that there had been quite a little ice-floe. Poor, dejected ducks had wandered dismally about upon it.

What had become of the water? To the poor, element, but it was not the real thing, though it was wet and sloppy. It took such a lot of walking on, too. As for swimming, that was an utter impossibility, of course.

But if it had been bad for the ducks, it was infinitely worse for the rarer birds. They could not even walk upon this horrid film. It could not be trusted with their weight. Certainly they had tried it. A hurried waddle down the bank, then an agonised hiss and quack and much fluttering of wings had carried them a few feet on the treacherous ice before the inevitable accident had happened, and they were left each in a small, private, ice-locked lake.

Getting back to shore was a terrible affair, and once there they had retired into seclusion till this half-and-half state of things had changed.

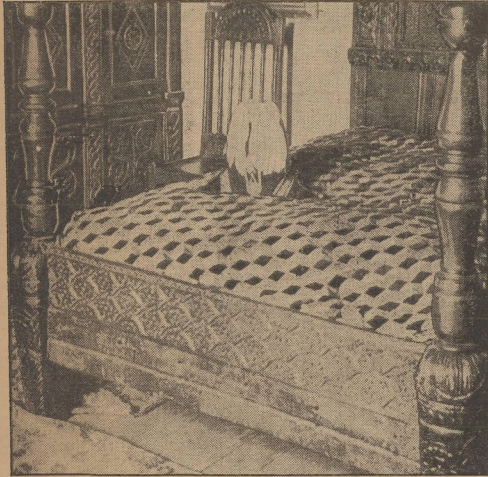
But yesterday it was different. Once again the crowd of ducks and geese sailed innocently below the bridge, trying to pretend that one eye was not perpetually cocked for a possible crust. The big drake had no longer to lift his feet so anxiously or to seek so perilously for open water. He ducked his head gladly under water with a sort of rocking-horse motion, to let the water run along his back, and his continual quacks were no longer nervous or half-hearted. He was at home yesterday, and so were his wives.

From the banks the geese stepped into the water with their familiar dignity. They, too, had, so to speak, found their feet again.



REPORTED BY CAMERA.

LORD BYRON'S BED.



This bed fetched 33 guineas at the sale at Tuxford Hall, near Retford. The cocked hat seen on the bed was worn by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.

ILL ON HIS HONEYMOON



Lord Dalrymple, who married Miss Violet Harford on October 20 last, is lying seriously ill with scarlet fever in Venice.—(Lafayette.)

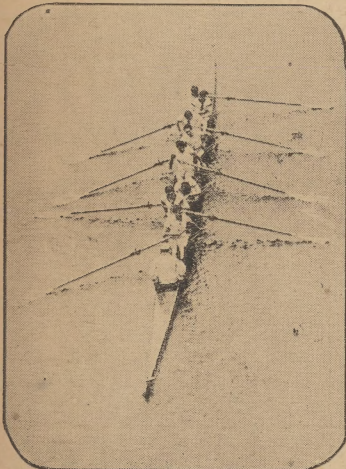
TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Captain Bryan Churcher, of the "Queen's," is to be married at St. Mary's Church, Reading, to Miss Beatrice T. Blandy.—(Thomson.)



BOATRACE TRIALS.



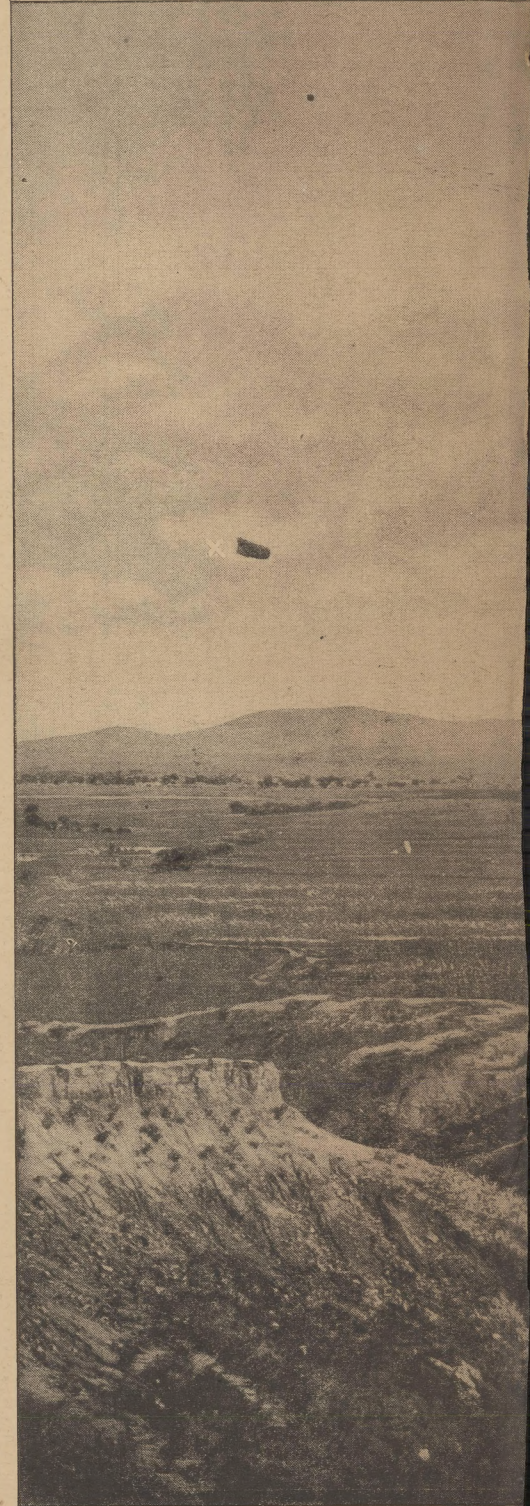
Owing to the frost at Cambridge the trial eights will row at Putney to-day for the first time for ten years. Our photograph shows Escombe's crew at practice.

NEW COMEDIAN AT DRURY LANE.



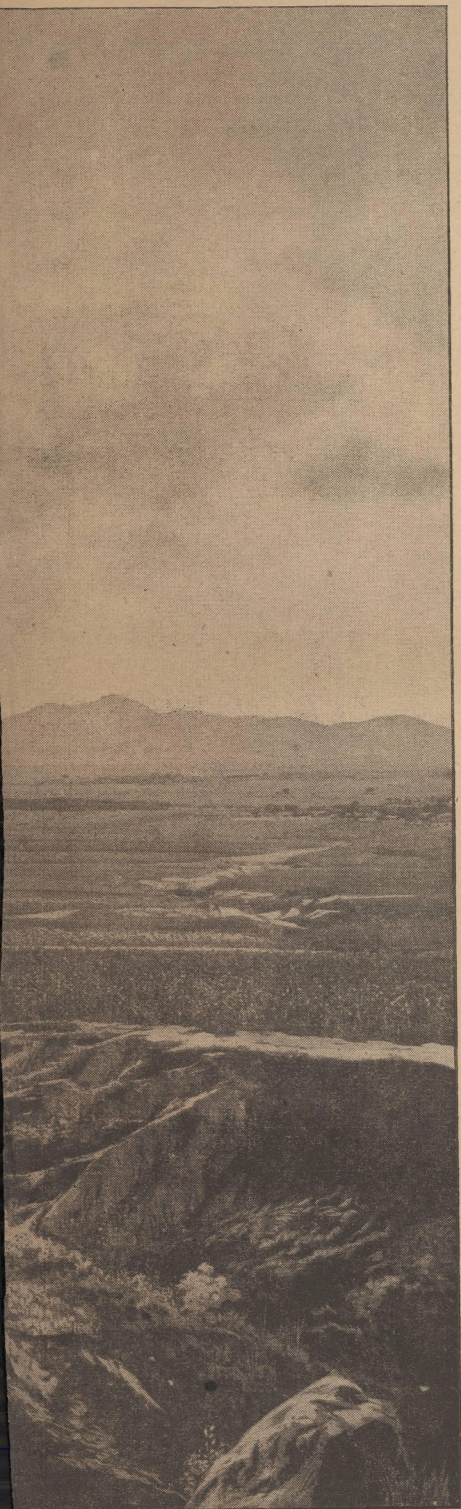
Mr. Harry Fragon has been engaged by Mr. Arthur Collins for the pantomime of 1905-6. Mr. Fragon is a native of London, but has spent so much of his life in Paris that the Parisians claim him as their own.

JAPS USING A OUTSIDE D



Our photograph was taken within three miles of Port Arthur's fort (white X) making a reconnaissance of the fort for

WAR-BALLOON PORT-ARTHUR.



the guns, and shows the Japs' war balloon (indicated by a
l. Nogi.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

News · in · Negatives

DR. W. G. GRACE AT PRACTICE.



This photograph shows how the great cricketer keeps himself fit for the coming season by playing table-cricket with his friends during the winter months.

HOME AGAIN.



Lord Roberts reaches Southampton to-day, on the ss. Norman. He has just completed a tour of South Africa.

"MISSING."



Staff-sergeant Sims, principal clerk in the Headquarters Office, Aldershot, who has been missing since October 23. It is feared some grave mishap has befallen him.

LONDON'S LATEST HOTEL.



Our photograph shows the skeleton of the Ritz Hotel, in Piccadilly. This hotel is being built on the American steel girder system, and is the only building in London constructed on this principle.

FUN AT GRINDELWALD.



A party of visitors to Grindelwald rounding a sharp corner on their bob-sleigh.—(Ormiston-Smith Brothers.)

The Judge's Secret.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his wife.
RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. Through Deverill he offers his sister, who for a long time has "cut" him, to assist him to dinner.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire, in love with Gertrude. He left London on an exploring expedition, and later his death was announced. His will included a legacy to Deverill.

Miss ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen.

SKEKRETT, secretary to the late Mr. Brasser, now his executor.

JANE BROWN, in Mr. Brasser's early days, as a poor country boy, he was her lover, but left her to come to London, where he made his immense fortune.

HUGH MORDAUNT, a client in Miss Elton's toils. Both Miss Elton and Gertrude Gascoyne are in love with him.

CHAPTER XXXII. Mr. Somerton—Gertrude.

That evening Harold Somerton sat alone in the stately dining-room of Mr. Justice Gascoyne. An ugly look was on his face as he sipped his glass of claret and smoked his cigarette. He glanced about him and sneered as he thought how astonished the master of that house would be if he entered that room at the moment.

"A very nice little dinner," he said to himself; "very nice indeed, and her ladyship sweet as a peach on a south wall. Deverill lied to me; he must have done so. Lady Gascoyne knows the whole story. She is not the kind to have taken so much trouble because he asked it, or because my dear sister wanted it. On the whole, I think her ladyship rather overdoes her part. And the dear little sister-in-law, why didn't she come? Later on, said her graceful ladyship, as she showed me the telegram. We shall see. If the fair Gertrude does not put in an appearance in the drawing-room to-night I must have another little talk with Mr. Deverill. I will not be played with. I have no time to lose."

A servant entered with coffee.
"Will you have it here, sir," he asked, "or in the drawing-room?"
"There," answered Somerton. "I shall come in five minutes."

This distinguished guest of the evening lighted a fresh cigarette and continued his interesting reflections.

"Can I do it—shall I be able to get any influence over this Gertrude Gascoyne? The chances are twenty to one against, but still it is worth trying. Sometimes one pulls off a long chance. The old woman is dying, and Miss Gascoyne is the only name in the will. So Lady says, at any rate."

Just about the time that Harold Somerton had discovered the secret which had enabled him to force his way into this exclusive house in St. James's-square, a young wastrel, St. John Lacy, had come to him and asked if he could arrange a moneylender's loan for a moderate amount. Lacy was one of those men, not so uncommon as is imagined, who do very foolish things, who make ducks and drakes of their lives, but who always tell the absolute truth in money matters. Asked by Somerton what expectations he had from his wealthy aunt, the Dowager Lady Llandoger, he had promptly answered that he had none, that the old lady had long ago cut him out of her will.

"I happen to know for a certainty," Lacy had said, "that she has left practically everything to Miss Gertrude Gascoyne, a distant connection of hers, and of mine. I wormed the truth out of her solicitor—one of those local people, who told me without knowing it."

"If I can make the running with her," said Somerton to himself, "it won't be a losing game, even if Lacy is wrong. It will be a tower of strength to me to be connected with the family of his high mightiness Mr. Justice Gascoyne. It might be very useful in a moment of need—and the girl herself is not so bad. If I pull it off I shall not be sorry that the little Armenian played me such a beast of a trick. Will she come, I wonder, or is all this a blind? They'd better be careful, these two, as to how they take liberties with Mr. Harold Somerton."

Upstairs in the drawing-room Lady Gascoyne was also wondering whether Gertrude really meant to put in an appearance that evening.

"I can't think," she said to Mrs. La Grange, "what has kept our dear Gertrude."

"What does her wire say? I forget."

Lady Gascoyne threw a crumbled little ball indolently across to her friend. There was a frou-frou of silk as she moved, and a delicate exquisite scent, of which she carefully guarded the secret, floated in the air.

"Mrs. La Grange straightened out the telegram. "Too dead-tired to come to dinner," she read aloud. "Shall look in after." She'll come, Rosamond—she always keeps appointments. I almost wish she would not."

Mrs. La Grange's twinkling little eyes had an unwonted expression of seriousness, and her tone was tinged with regret.

"Why not?" asked Lady Gascoyne.
"I'm going to tell you frankly, Rosamond. I hadn't thought much about it one way or the other—but to-night, when I saw him sitting at your table, so wretchedly good-looking and so horribly well-mannered, a little fear came into my heart for Gertrude. You cannot deny, my dear, that Harold, with all his faults, is a very attractive man."

"Gertrude," answered Lady Gascoyne, "is perfectly well able to take care of herself. She meets a good many men just as attractive as he in the course of a season—eligible men, which, of course, you won't mind my saying he is not."

"There is this difference," cried Mrs. La Grange, "between him and the others, Rosamond. When he makes up his mind to get something nothing stops him—and he has made up his mind to win your sister-in-law."

Lady Gascoyne affected great surprise at this news, which was no news to her.

"I knew it would horrify you, Rosamond—it did me when he told me bluntly. You have been such a dear, you have helped me so sweetly to be kind to Harold, that I should indeed be ungrateful if I did not warn you. It is one thing to give a quiet, almost a secret dinner, to one who has long ago been sent to Coventry by everybody; it is another—oh, quite another thing, to encourage him as a possible brother-in-law."

It will be seen from this confession that Mrs. La Grange still had a conscience left. The thousand pounds which her brother had promised could not on the day she saw him engaged to Gertrude Gascoyne no longer tempted her to aid in the sacrifice.

"Your brother does not lack confidence, Hermione," answered her ladyship; "it appears to me that this prodigal son is counting very soon on impossible rewards for his return to virtue."

"I'm glad you are not worried about it, Rosamond," replied Mrs. La Grange, smiling at an indifferent cynicism of the answer. "Harold has been to see me since the first meeting at my house, and he told me frankly that the magnet which had drawn him from his evil course was Gertrude Gascoyne. I told him he might as well think of marrying a girl of his rank. He said he never could attempt impossibilities. Now that you know what he has in his mind, I suppose you will promptly drop him."

Hermione La Grange, thoroughly convinced that her brother had some iron hold over Dick Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, did not expect that her brother would be dropped; but she did believe that her friend would be horrified at the knowledge that he had been so easily won. Early pride, if nothing else, would flame in hot answer at the impertinence of the suggestion that a man who had been convicted of crime should dare even to think of an alliance with the house of Gascoyne.

"The idea is certainly startling in its originality," said her ladyship, shrugging her shoulders, "and, of course, you are right to tell me, Hermione; I still, do you know, if Gertrude does come to-night, I shall take no steps to prevent her meeting your brother. Don't you see that the idea is too absurd to be dangerous? If Gertrude were a romantic girl of seventeen, of course, it would be quite a different thing. As it is, the young lady knows very well how to take care of herself. Your brother never attempts impossibilities. He is behaving with such an extraordinary tact, and plays the humble penitent so persuasively, that I have not the heart to withdraw my encouragement."

"Surely you will warn Gertrude?"
Lady Gascoyne shook her graceful head. Her friend stared at her astonished. Rosamond's pride of family and of place was a dominant trait; and yet she heard of this impertinent aspiration of Harold Somerton without anger, without fear.

Mrs. La Grange was completely at sea. She did not know of the real resentment that burned in the heart of the smiling lady who was listening to such revelations with such outward appearance of indifference. She did not know that Lady Gascoyne was fighting desperately to save her own position, to ward off a ruinous exposure of her own wrong-doing. She did not know that Rosamond had determined that anybody, anything, should be ruthlessly sacrificed to effect this salvation. She could not realise that her friend was preparing, in the worst case, to the worst, to accept marriage between Gertrude and Harold Somerton.

"No, my dear Hermione," said her ladyship, with her most confident smile, "I shall not warn Gertrude, and I hope that you will not give her any hint."

"I am astonished, Rosamond—"

The words were cut short by the opening of the door.

"I am so sorry to be late, Rosamond," she cried, "that I have done myself extremely well at an excellent dinner, and whose conscience is completely at peace."

"I hope," said her ladyship, "that they brought you the right claret. When the host is away, you know, butlers are sometimes given to carelessness about the right bins."

"Dear, dear Somerton, and this expression of appreciation was the sincerest word he uttered that night. "I'm sorry," he continued, as he seated himself comfortably by the side of his hostess, "that Deverill couldn't have enjoyed it with me."

"I did not ask him," answered her ladyship, quite truthfully. "I think I was right, too, Mr. Somerton. I believed that you would feel a little more free to speak of your troubles in the past, if your audience consisted only of two women—one, a sister; the other, one who believes in you and wants sincerely to help you."

He knew precisely now what line to take with her sister-in-law. Lady Gascoyne was rather glad on the whole that Gertrude had broken her engagement.

"Yes," answered Somerton, "you were right, Lady Gascoyne. It seems to me you always are in everything you do. I can never be grateful enough to you and to Hermione in taking me by the hand in this way."

"It is a pleasure, I am sure," said Lady Gascoyne. "And now, what about the future, Mr. Somerton?"

He thought, as he looked at her with admiration, that she wore a collar very gracefully. She had the sense to understand that he had the whip hand of her, and that the essence of her tacit agreement with him was that she should do what he demanded, not only without flinching, but as though it were the greatest pleasure of her life. He liked this bold suggestion, that so clearly indicated to him that it was not going to be necessary always to put on the screws to force her to take the next step.

"My position is so difficult," he said. "As I told you at dinner, the sacrifice which I made years ago, was forced in a way to make, to shield another, would be rendered unavailing to-day, if I were publicly to proclaim and to prove my innocence, as I am doing. That makes it hard for us all must be content to rest for a little time yet under a shadow. So you see you can do little to help me."

"But even that little," she cried, "shall be cheerfully and willingly done. I know that our dear Hermione feels the same."

"Oh, yes, of course."

Mrs. La Grange uttered the words without conscious of the fact that she was not in the secret of the drama which was being played before her eyes.

"What I want to be so careful about," said Somerton, "is not to take any advantage, even accidentally, of the cordial goodwill which you so kindly show me, Lady Gascoyne. I should not feel hurt to-morrow if you were to cut me in the street."

"I have the courage of my convictions," she answered, smiling.

"Your convictions," he replied, "should not weigh against my conviction. When I have wiped that away it is time for me to beg you for open recognition. In the meantime you can do this for me—say that I am a good word here and there when the chance comes."

"I will make the chances," was her prompt response.

"Oh, I do not expect you to force them. The voice of Lady Gascoyne is powerful. Her good opinion is indeed well worth having. If you have a few intimate friends, if in the intimacy of the drawing-room you speak well of me, that might be my acceptance by degrees among a few good people."

"It will be very hard to do that, Harold," said his sister bluntly.

His dear Hermione, he thought to himself, was getting lukewarm in his interests. She had no doubt been the most pressing of her obligations with the thousand pounds he had given her. The further sum he had promised loomed too far in the distance, no doubt, to have much influence. He made up his mind that he would have to open his purse more promptly to this sister whose enthusiasm for the prodigal was so evidently waning.

"You are weary of the difficulties, Hermione," said her ladyship. "I can think of half a dozen who will accept my opinion of Mr. Somerton. I shall make it my business to say a kind word whenever I can. I am going to try and do something more than that. Frankly, Mr. Somerton, my husband does not know that you are dining here to-night. Probably he will find it out. It is possible his rattle may hear of it from the servants. He might in some natural way speak of it. That will give me an opportunity to plead your cause with Sir Alanson."

"Pardon me," he answered, "a mistake, as yet."

"Oh," she said, "I shall volunteer no explanations. If he should hear I am bound to."

"Of course. You motor a lot, don't you, Lady Gascoyne?"

"I'm devoted to it."

"I suppose," he continued, "you sometimes run down to your place in the country?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, trembling inwardly, as she wondered what demand he was now going to make.

"I shall be at Taunton," he continued, "for a few days next week. Deverill was kind enough to say something about entertaining me at his place. It might just chance that we should meet there—that you and Miss Gascoyne, if you happen to be at Compton Knoyle, will run over."

His sister sat agast at his temerity.

Even Lady Gascoyne was silent for an instant. "It would be very pleasant," she said after a moment of reflection. "I was thinking of taking Gertrude for a run down. She—"

She stopped, as the door opened and Gertrude came into the room.

Gertrude paused for an indefinable instant. The fresh innocence of her animated face brought a new element into the atmosphere of the room.

"I am so sorry to be late, Rosamond," she cried. "Never mind, dear, so long as you are here now. Mr. Somerton—Gertrude."

The girl came forward with a swift, birdlike motion and extended her hand.

He bowed low over it, and thus these two met.

(To be continued.)



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THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

Sir John Gorst Says the Children Must Be Fed.

THE CRUELTY OF DELAY.

By the Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN E. GORST, M.P.

I cannot refuse to answer the appeal the *Daily Mirror* makes to me. I shall not follow Mr. Blatchford into the general question, but restrict myself to the specific case you put before the public.

That a child of seven years old, having presumably been attending school, should die of starvation, and a coroner's jury find such a death "natural," is a disgrace to the social system under which we live. Every right-minded citizen must demand immediate reform.

We have the authority of the Committee on Physical Degeneracy for believing that hundreds of thousands of starving children are daily attending our schools, that their condition is well known to the teachers, who are now officers of the State, and that public benevolence, praiseworthy as it is, fails to cope with the evil.

THE QUESTION OF COST.

The remedy is simple. Feed these children. To do so is humane and economical. Most of them do not die, like the poor child whose death evoked your article. They grow up spoiled and afflicted, to be a lifelong burden on the community.

Having fed the hungry children, and so abated the mischief to the children and to society which is taking place, let us sit down and discuss at leisure the second and much less urgent question of cost. Is it to be a charge on the parents or on the State?

This is doubtless an important problem, but I protest, in the name of both the children and society, against the relief of hunger being postponed until it is solved. That means the death of thousands of children by starvation, and the addition of thousands of incapable citizens to our ranks.

It is the present order of society that parents are responsible for feeding their children. Some persons, like myself, are in favour of maintaining this order; some are not. But while it lasts, let the parents be required to pay for food supplied at school, as they were formerly required to pay for education. Provision for those unable to pay should be made on the same lines as in the old Education Act.

JOHN E. GORST.

Earlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

A SCHEME OF REMEDY

Proposed by an Authority Who Distrusts Piecemeal Charity.

By PERCY ALDEN, Hon. Warden of the Mansfield House University Settlement.

I have read the leader in the *Daily Mirror* on "Natural Death," and it is because I feel there is a tone of sincerity about it that it rings true; that I gladly accept the questions only assuming that there is no royal road to the millennium; civilisation is too complex for that.

It has taken ages to bring us to the point at which we now stand, and it would take very many years, even if we were all absolutely in earnest, to undo all the evil that has been accomplished, to repair the desolations of many generations. Remember that a great many people still take the materialistic view which you hinted at, and these people have either got to be converted or overcome. If you had the whole nation on your side, rich and poor, you could do in one generation what may perhaps take ten, just as the Japanese abolished feudalism in a few months.

You think, perhaps, that the Japanese are not exceptional in this respect, that the English people, if they only saw clearly the evils of our time, would be prepared to sanction the necessary remedies. For myself, I very much doubt whether it is possible to make the English people as a whole face this "mountainous mass of postponed problems," as Mr. John Morley called them. We are very ignorant, and where we are not ignorant we lack imagination. We refuse to see that philanthropy and charity have failed.

Take East London, for example. Is it any better than it was five or ten years ago? In some respects it is, but for the mass of the poor, no. Degeneration has been going on at halfpence a person. You can only stop this process by interference on the part of the thoughtful minority preventing the utter destruction and ruin of the majority.

What I really mean is paternal Government of the right order. "Never," said Sir Arthur Helps, "is paternal government more useful than when civilisation is most advanced." What you want is

something midway between a grandmotherly system of coddling people, which lessens independence, and that *laissez-faire* attitude which is utterly out of place in an age where we are all mutually inter-dependent.

You ask me what would I do if I had a free hand, and could I do anything within the next ten years? Yes, certainly.

At least ten thousand infants died last year in London alone from preventable diseases. In ten years' time I could reduce that by 50 per cent.

The unemployed fill our streets to-day in all directions. In ten years' time, given a free hand, I would guarantee to abolish at any rate the worst of the suffering from unemployment.

Now for a few suggestions in their order of importance. I only hope you will be able to influence somebody to carry a few out.

1. The reorganisation of the three Government departments concerned with labour and the appointment of a man who is as interested in social questions as Lord Rosebery is in foreign politics or Lord Curzon in India.

2. Such a man should call to his aid as an advisory committee leading social reformers who have actually achieved something either in London or the provinces, medical officers of health, a few women who are keen on child-life in the towns, experts in all departments, but especially men who have got ideas and who are doing practical work at the same time. I venture to say that I could provide an advisory council which could supply in a few weeks fifty well thought-out and carefully-considered schemes for saving human life and obviating the worst of our social evils.

3. This reorganised Labour Department should use its influence with every town council and local authority, pushing the ideas and the schemes which have been tested and found useful either in England or in some other country. Japan is the only country in the world which has frankly chosen as its policy the profiting by other people's experience. Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, Austria, Italy, the United States, New Zealand, and many other countries have all something to teach us.

WANTED, A MILLIONAIRE.

Supposing we cannot get our Minister and Labour Department, or have to wait a long time for them, there is nothing to be done in the meanwhile but what we are doing—peg away all the time, unless some millionaire who sees right down to the causes of things is willing to set aside half the price of an ironclad, on the distinct understanding that it is to be used for something more than mere palliation of the evils we deplore.

I will provide him with a committee or with a council that will get things done if he really wants them done. We need both knowledge and sympathy exercised throughout the year, and not an emotional orgy during a severe winter.

At present no constructive purpose seems to permeate the attempts that are being made to help the poor. Give me a Labour Department with a good man at the head—I could suggest several—an advisory council for social betterment, with, say, half a million pounds which could be used purely for constructive work, and it would not be long before the people of England came to the conclusion that in that direction lay their social salvation.

PERCY ALDEN.

HEAR ALL SIDES.

FURTHER SELECTION FROM A MASS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, NOT HUMBUNG.

Is not Miss Stanley in error? She says that pity, not political economy is needed. But political economy, properly understood, is pitiful. True political economy will defeat *sensational* charity. Greystoke, Up. Norwood. D. L. BEAUMONT.

A CONTRAST.

If war were declared to-morrow between this country and Russia, the Cabinet would at once vote fifty millions, if necessary, to destroy life. Yet there is now no Cabinet called to vote one million to preserve it!

O. BEST.

Church-road, Bexley Heath.

WASTE OF FOOD.

As an employé in large hotels for a number of years, I have occasion to know of the shameful waste of food, not only in hotels, but private houses. Could not the minister of each parish collect and distribute this food?

SHAMUS.

Eastbourne.

LUXURY AND CHARITY.

Is it necessary for even the rich to drink champagne at a guinea a bottle, and smoke cigars at eighteenpence each? Half the price could be paid and the other half given to charity. Charity would gain, and luxury would lose nothing appreciable.

H. VERNON.

4, Hillsborough-terrace, Ilfracombe.

"SELL ALL THOU HAST."

The man Mr. Blatchford inquires for, to come forward and show how children could be saved from poverty, came 1900 years ago. He was Jesus of Nazareth, who said: "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." Mr. Blatchford wants to open the pockets of people by compulsion, instead of opening their hearts by love.

JOHN BALFOUR.

"HELL—HERE AND NOW."

Your leader this morning states that "Hell is here and now," introducing it with a problematic "H." Why "H"?

Hell is here and now—in all the misery men endure. But, equally, so is Heaven—here and now—in all the efforts made to alleviate it, in every effort of man to help his brother-man.

PORTSMOUTH.

PARSON JAMES.

CHARITY MISAPPLIED.

Your correspondent, "A Constant Giver," touches the crux of the whole matter, namely, unbusinesslike administration of existing charities. Too often the wrong people are helped because they can plead better to the clergy or district visitor, who the more reticent deserving poor are neglected.

H. T. C.

Paddington.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

EAST AND WEST.

"But Miss Pauline is being put to bed, sir," objected the dignified footman politely, with just the slightest suspicion of surprise in his impressive tones.

The little lady's stately mother laughed at the writer's request to talk to her little daughter. "Oh, well, if you like," she said presently, and sent for another footman to take him to Pauline's apartments.

Pauline will be ten next summer. She is a very lucky little girl. She has her own suite of rooms, nursery, bedroom, and bathroom, and a maid and a governess. A beautiful wood fire burnt cheerfully in the big nursery. A very dainty doll, which spoke under compulsion, lay with pink, upturned face upon the soft red carpet, while Pauline herself, in white wool dressing-gown and warm shoes, with her hair in "bobs," proclaimed as the visitor entered that she wanted to "see the dear ones again." So she was allowed to sit "just for three minutes" in the big window seat and look over on to snow-clad trees and the gleaming white ground of the park opposite.

"I didn't do nothing," said Pauline, ungrammatically, when she was asked what she did when she was away in the morning.

On reflection, however, she remembered that Banks had pulled her hair very badly while she was dressing her, and this reminded her of several grievances during the day.

"I wasn't a teeny bit hungry," she declared, "but Miss Brown made me eat all my breakfast—hard bread and milk and an egg and some toast and marmalade, and I ate it all!" she added triumphantly. "Miss Brown said I must 'cause it was cold, an' I couldn't go out if I didn't."

After breakfast, it appeared, Pauline played with Queen Amelia. "I only had her last week, so I called her that 'cause Daddy told me to," she explained, alluding to the pink-faced beauty on the paper. "I been sitting at halfpence a person for an hour, and learnt to spell six new words."

"We went out after lessons," the little white figure continued, "only Mamma made me go in a carriage 'cause of the snow." Then, in a little rush of words, "An' I did so want to play with the dear, nice snow."

Pauline, in her little warm coat with the fur-trimmed

the neck, and her muff and her high boots and gaiters, drove for an hour. She watched some boys snowballing in the Park, and envied them from the bottom of her aristocratic little heart.

"I didn't like much of it," she said in an aggrieved tone presently, "it was fish and—no, she put a small finger to her forehead and thought a moment—"and milk pudding."

In the afternoon Pauline took a nap with Queen Amelia. At four o'clock Banks dressed her, and she was taken down to the drawing-room to see to the Christmas tree. There was Auntie Kate and Bill—a huge lieutenant in the Grenadiers—"and lots of people. Bill said he would make me into a snowball and gave me some chocolates. Would you like one?" added Pauline politely.

At five o'clock Pauline came up to the nursery again and played with her dolls' house and her new kitten until supper-time. She was quite glad to have supper, she admitted, and ate all her bread and butter and custard and drank all her hot milk. Now it was bedtime. "Good-night, dear snow," she cried, kissed her visitor, and was led off to her warm, luxurious bed.

Eight o'clock at night. The snow, where it had not been churned into a horrible, dark, sticky substance by the many feet tramping through the court, had piled itself in dirty white heaps against the houses and in the gutter.

The flickering gas lamp at the end pictured a scene of cheerless desolation and poverty. There were nine houses in the court, two-storied, and all of the same grimy pattern. Here and there a rag of a curtain fluttered an ill-lit, squalid home of one room. Other windows were screened by a tattered blind, a sheet of brown paper, or a news-paper. In some cases a bulging proclaimed a broken pane of glass.

At No. 8, second storey back, father, before going to his temporary job as night watchman on some road repairs, was bemoaning the fact that on a blank cold night with blank snow on the ground there was no blank supper for him.

"Ow can I 'elp it, Jen," pleaded his wife from

A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. CANON HAY ATKIN, of Norwich.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him.

Let us have a look at this Good Samaritan for a few moments. When he saw the man fallen among thieves, he might naturally have turned aside and said: "Oh, it is only one of those miserable Jews; the fewer we have of them the better; let him be." The first thing he had to overcome was national prejudice, and it is rather a strong one with some people. But he did not stop to inquire whether he was a Jew or a Samaritan; he was a man—a brother; and the Samaritan acted accordingly.

I remember hearing the story of a little incident that occurred in the streets of Edinburgh some years ago. A coach was driving rapidly down the narrow streets of the town. A poor little child of some two years of age crept into the middle of the road, and there it was in utter helplessness standing by itself, while the galloping horses were drawing nearer and nearer every moment. Just as they approached the spot a woman darted forth, grasped the child in her arms, and in the peril of her own life, saved it from imminent destruction. A passer-by asked: "Well, woman, is that your child?" "Na, na," she said, "it's nae my bairn." "Well," he said, "what for did you risk your life for the child when it was not yours?" With a beaming eye and a flushed face, the noble woman replied, "Ay, but it's somebairn's bairn!"

That was real humanity! The true spirit of a woman asserted itself within her nature. And if that be humanity, what ought to be Christian humanity?

The one question we have to ask, when we meet those who need our help, is: "Is it possible for me to meet their case, and do any service to them? And, if it is possible, will I do it?"

Remember, too, that self-denial must always accompany work done for God. The poor invalid has to be lifted on to the man's own beast, while he himself trudges on through the weary hours of a hot and sultry day by his side.

AN ATTRACTIVE "OUTLOOK."

Journals often reduce their prices. It is not common for them to go up, as the "Outlook" is doing. The very fact that it is in a position to demand 6d. for a paper which has hitherto cost 3d. shows that it is very much appreciated.

At its new price it will be able to win even more favour. It will be enlarged and, wherever possible, improved. The standard of writing will be high, the standard of criticism severe. It will mean what it says, and say it out straight.

There is much need for straight talk nowadays. The "Outlook" has its new form has our hearty goodwill. It can be had by the way, post free, for 4d. instead of 6d. by regular subscribers.

her seat upon the wretched-looking bed. "Me an' the kid ain't 'ad nothin' but a bit o' bread an' some drippin' Mrs. Burns gi' me."

Jen scowled into the broken mirror, propped up on the narrow mantelpiece against a beer tin, and gave his scarf a savage tug. "I'll try to get a bit from the foreman in the morning, old gal," he said gruffly, and went out supperless into the night.

"I dunno where Mary is, I'm sure," said Mrs. D— apathetically, when I asked for her little girl. "Playin' with the other kids on the stairs, I s'pose." She went to the door and called shrilly, and the child appeared at the door. She wore a ragged little skirt, with a big rent in one side, showing some forlorn underclothes of dirty flannel. What had apparently once been a flannel blouse covered her shoulders and chest. One sleeve was intact, the other was torn away at the elbow.

On her feet were the remains of a pair of "best" shoes. They had once been imitation patent leather. One had on the margin, "old gal," he said nothing but the lining and some rag her mother had put inside to keep the little foot from the snow. She wore a pair of woman's stockings, full of holes and clinging in pathetic folds to the painfully thin little leg.

How had Mary spent her day? "Come, tell the gentleman," said her mother, "You know what you did when you got up. You cried."

"There weren't no fire an'—an'—nothin' to eat," said the child, beginning to cry.

At nine o'clock Mary had gone to school. Because she cried teacher had given her some hot milk and bread and butter, and she sat near the fire.

Dinner-time came, but no dinner. Mary played in the court and tried to forget she was cold and hungry again so soon.

In the afternoon Mary went to school again. She did some lessons, but not many. At four she came home.

"We 'ad some bread an' drippin'," she said. "It was prime. Mrs. Burns give Ma the drippin'."

Now she was going to bed in the little dingy room, with the broken window and the evil-smelling little twopenny lamp on the rickety table.

A SEASONABLE DINNER FOR SUNDAY—OUTDOOR ATTIRE.

TO-MORROW'S MENU.

A GOOD MEAL AND HOW TO COOK IT.

Whiting à l'Horly.

Roast teal.

Ribs of beef with horseradish sauce.
Boiled potatoes. Cauliflower au gratin.
Ginger cream.
Anchovy straws.

WHITING À L'HORLY.

INGREDIENTS:—Two whiting. For the batter: One egg and one extra yolk, two and a half ounces of flour, one tablespoonful of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of milk, salt.

Mix together the flour and salt, then add the oil and milk, and stir them in. Beat up the eggs and add them. Mix all lightly to a batter, and put the batter on one side for half an hour or more. Meanwhile fillet the fish, and cut each fillet in half.

Mix together one tablespoonful each of salad oil, tarragon, and chilli vinegar, also a little chopped parsley and onion, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Lay the fillets of fish in this mixture and leave them in it for a quarter of an hour.

Then dip the fish into the batter and fry it in plenty of fat, from which a bluish smoke is rising, till it is a golden brown. Serve it on a lace paper garnished with fried parsley.

ROAST TEAL.

INGREDIENTS:—A brace of teal. Butter for basting them.

Having trussed the birds, rub the breasts over with butter and flour them lightly. Place them in front of a quick fire, or in a hot oven, and cook them from twelve to fifteen minutes, basting them frequently. Have ready some neat slices of toast, and place them under the birds while they are being cooked. Put the toast on a hot dish, place the birds on them, and garnish the dish with quarters of lemon and sprigs of watercress. Serve with them the following sauce:—

INGREDIENTS:—One orange, one lemon, four tablespoonfuls of brown sauce, a small piece of glaze, two teaspoonfuls of chopped onion, quarter of a teaspoonful of castor sugar.

Strain the juice of the orange and lemon into a small saucepan, add the rest of the ingredients, and let them boil, skimming them well. Next let the sauce simmer gently for five minutes. See that it is nicely seasoned, and strain it into a hot tureen.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, half a pint of milk, half a lemon, one yolk of egg, one teaspoonful of made-mustard, one teaspoonful of vinegar, four large tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, a pinch of castor sugar.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the milk, and stir it over the fire till the sauce boils. Let it cool a little, then strain into it the juice of the half-lemon and the

beaten yolk. Stir the sauce over the fire till it thickens, but do not let it boil.

Next add to it the made-mustard, sugar, vinegar, and horseradish. Stir all well together, and serve it in a tureen.

GINGER CREAM.

INGREDIENTS:—Two eggs, one gill of milk, two ounces of preserved ginger, half a gill of the ginger syrup, one and a half ounces of castor sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of leaf gelatine, half a pint of cream.

Beat up the eggs, strain them into the milk. Put them in a jug in a pan of boiling water, and

CULTIVATE REPOSE.

TENETS OF A TEACHER OF DEPORTMENT.

Repose is one of those elements of success without which no beautiful woman can afford to be. There are some women who are never still, for even when they are quiet they are busy, and when they are at rest they are moving. Roving eyes, restless fingers, tense muscles, and a compressed mouth, show that they are far from being at ease. Too many women lack repose because they are absent-minded. They are doing one thing and

ing one eyelid and lifting one eyebrow. Use the eyes evenly and as they should be used. When conversing look at a person through level lids. But do not actually stare into another person's eyes. Nothing is more disagreeable than a person who looks one right in the eyeballs.

Never twitch the muscles of the face. This is a nervous affection that can be cured only by massage, but you can prevent its approach by not allowing the face to become a nervous one. Cultivate facial tranquillity as well as tranquillity of the body.

Then learn tranquillity of demeanour. Study the art of acting as if you were pleased with the world, pleased with everybody in it, pleased with yourself. Tranquillity of demeanour is one of the most difficult arts to acquire, yet when it is learned it is a priceless possession.

The Silent Cure.

Daily rules for the woman who lacks repose. . . . Take the 'silent cure' daily. Sit for one whole hour without speaking in a room all by yourself. Do nothing at all for five minutes, and let the five minutes come as often as they will. When sewing stop work for five minutes and sit quiet. Practice relaxation. This is always a difficult rule. Don't let any of the muscles work—let them relax. Let the hands lie easily on the lap. Let your back recline against something comfortable.

Go to the window, clasp your hands idly in front of you, and take a long, deep breath. Indulge in a little music daily. If you are too nervous to play the piano it shows that the nervous system is overwrought and that care is necessary.

Drink warm fluids, and don't eat highly-spiced dishes.

If the digestive organs are kept in good order the nerves will be more capable of being put under control. Finally, don't worry and fidget. When repose has been learnt the wrinkles will disappear from your face, which naturally will then look ever so much younger.



Girls with pretty figures and slim waists are favouring the new tailor-made corsage, which moulds the form as closely as the one depicted above.

let it cool gently till the custard thickens, stirring it all the time. Let it get cold, then add to it the ginger cut into small dice, the syrup, and castor sugar.

Melt the gelatine in about three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Whip the cream carefully, and add it to the custard. When the gelatine has cooled

A gown of cream and black shepherd's plaid cloth with black panne trimmings is a very useful and smart possession. The waist-coat is a charade leather one, and all the buttons that appear on the toilette are covered to match and have black velvet rims.

a little strain it into the cream, mix it well in, and then pour the mixture into a pretty mould, which has been rinsed in cold water. Leave it till the cream is set.

To turn it out dip the mould into tepid water, shake it gently, and the cream will slip out easily.

ANCHOVY STRAWS.

INGREDIENTS:—Four ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, three teaspoonfuls of anchovy essence,

'Rub the butter finely into the flour, then make it into a smooth paste with the anchovy essence and a little cold water, using as little water as possible.

Knead the pastry well, so that it will be of a uniform pinkish tint all through. Roll it out thinly, then cut it into neat straws, like cheese straws. Put them on a slightly-buttered baking tin in the oven, and bake them very carefully.

Let your sympathy go forth to the youth who proclaims his conquests. Some day, perchance, he may be married.

A woman's heart is like a fortress, to be stormed by an adventurous spirit, but a complicated puzzle to the man who only besieges it.

thinking of another at the same time. They cannot concentrate their thoughts on peace.

A teacher of deportment actually instructs her pupils in the pose of repose. The first lesson lasts half an hour, and the patient just sits and converses. That is all, but during the lesson she must not move her fingers. There are women whose fingers are perpetually moving, and for such women this lesson of repose for the hands is a valuable one.

The Pleasing Expression.

The second lesson consists in cultivating a pleasing expression. The pupil is allowed to converse, but at frequent intervals a looking-glass is placed before her, and she sees herself as others see her. She must not make grimaces, she must not scowl, she must not draw down the corners of her mouth, she must not sniff, nor must she do any of the other unlovely and unbecoming things that women so often do.

This lesson is a very difficult one to learn, for there are few women who have not mannerisms of some kind, and a mannerism is a very difficult thing to overcome. Once formed it is almost impossible to obliterate or contract it.

Now for a lesson in the use of the eyes. They can be made to look their best in various ways. Stop frowning, stop wrinkling the forehead, stop droop-

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